Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Vol 4 **The War Illustrated** N°99

FOURPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

WEEKLY

'SCORCHED EARTH'—the policy adopted by China against the Japanese invaders—has now been decreed by Stalin as a most powerful weapon against the Nazis. "We must not leave a single pound of grain or a single gallon of petrol to the enemy," said Stalin in his broadcast of July 3; "leave only the scorched earth for the invader." Above, some of the Nazi vanguard, having reached Russian territory, where they hoped to find boundless loot, are looking in dismay at the smoke from raging fires which will cheat them of their booty. *Photo, Wide World*

Our Searchlight on the War

Canadian Victory Torch

FLOWN in a bomber across the Atlantic to London the Canadian Victory Loan Torch, a massive golden emblem 4½ ft. high, was presented to Mr. Churchill on July 1. During Canada's great war loan campaign the torch travelled across the Dominion from Vancouver to Halifax, escorted always by three representatives of the Armed Forces; and three young Canadian officers stood by in the garden of No. 10 Downing Street when the Prime Minister received it from Mr. Ian Mackenzie, Canadian Minister of Pensions. With the Torch came a scroll bearing the names of the Governor-General, the Canadian Prime Minister, the Premiers of the nine Provinces, and of distinguished citizens of 27 cities in which it was ceremonially received after its dedication at Victoria, British Columbia, on Empire Day. The Canadian campaign realized over £200,000,000; upon the Torch is the inscription: "Canada's Victory Loan 1941. Part of the Tools."

CANADA'S TORCH OF VICTORY being dedicated in Victoria, B.C., by the Premier of British Columbia, Mr. T. D. Patullo. After touring Canada it was flown to England and presented to Mr. Churchill, who, on the right, is reading a scroll signed by leading Canadians. Behind the Torch, which helped to raise £200,000,000 in War Loan, is Mr. Ian Mackenzie, Canadian Minister of Pensions. *Photos, Sidney Pott, P.N.A.*

Norwegian Actors Defy Nazis

RESISTANCE to German bullying in Norway takes many forms, both passive and active. Conflict which has recently arisen between the Stage and the quislingist "Department for Culture and Enlightenment" had its origin in a refusal by Norwegian actors to cooperate with the Nazi-controlled Norwegian Broadcasting Corporation. The authorities retaliated by arresting some of the best-known actors and actresses who had refused to broadcast, whereupon a sympathetic strike was ordered by the Norwegian Actors' Association, and all theatres in Oslo and other cities closed down. The infuriated Nazis made further arrests, seized the funds of the Actors' Association so that no financial aid was forthcoming, and also took steps to "freeze" the private accounts of individual actors. Furthermore, in order to obtain complete control of the theatres, a licensing system was introduced both for theatres and actors; each theatre at Oslo refused to apply for a licence, four prominent directors were arrested. As a final turn of the screw the Germans now threaten to turn every theatre in Norway into barracks or storehouses.

K.T. GIRL attached to the A.T.S. Her duty is to check gunfire by an ingenious photographic machine called Kine-Theodolite, hence the new flash-badge (inset) now worn by the K.T. section. *Photos, Fox*

was put in charge of a "leader" responsible to the authorities, and licensed actors had to sign a new contract pledging themselves to collaborate with all State cultural institutions. Because the National Theatre

Travelling in the Reich

SEVEN commandments for railway passengers in Germany have been drawn up by the authorities. It would seem that, owing to severe curtailment of services, travelling is now possible only in conditions of extreme discomfort. The first rule therefore is: "Do not travel unless you must; if you do, don't complain." The second requires luggage to be of the smallest possible dimensions. The third urges that farewells be made outside the barrier, not on the crowded platform. Rule 4 is an instruction that the passenger who has been longest in any given compartment shall control the other occupants, settling differences of opinion as to seats, windows, disposal of luggage; order travellers to sit more closely wedged so as to make room for yet another; ensure that all shall take their share of standing. Rule 5 deprecates the practice of elbow-digging and fighting for seats. In rule 6 passengers are requested not to bother guards or station officials. The final commandment curtly orders: "Observe the same rules on the journey home."

Hospital Ship as Hostage

SINCE the outbreak of war thirty-one deliberate attacks have been made by enemy aircraft and shore batteries on British hospital ships and carriers. Three of these ships were sunk, and many others were severely damaged, despite the fact that all were clearly marked and conformed in every way with the requirements of the Hague Convention. The Government, therefore, announced on July 3 that the Italian hospital ship Ramb IV had been detained and would be used as a hospital ship for British and enemy sick and wounded for at least six months. If by the end of that period enemy attacks on our own hospital ships have ceased, her return may be considered.

ABBREVIATIONS USED BY THE FOUR SERVICES

Home Defence and General

A. Ambulance.
A.F.S. Auxiliary Fire Service.
A.M. Air Ministry.
A.R.P. Air Raid Precautions.
A.R.W. Air Raid Warden.
Aux. F.S. Auxiliary Fire Station.
B.B.C. Bromo-benzyl-cyanide(gas) or British Broadcasting Corpn.
B.D. Bomb Disposal.
B.T. Board of Trade.
C.A.P. Chlor-acetone-phenone (gas).
C.D. Civil Defence.
C.D.V. Civil Defence Volunteers.
C.N.R. Civil Nursing Reserve.
D.C. Decontamination.
E.M.S. Emergency Medical Service.
E.N.S.A. Entertainments National Service Association.
F. Auxiliary Fire Station.
F.A.N.Y. First Aid Nursing Yeomanry.
F.A.P. First Aid Post (or Party).
H.O. Home Office.
K.S.K. Ethyl-iodo-acetate (gas).
L.S.C. London Salvage Corps.
M.A.P. Ministry of Aircraft Production; Medical Aid Post.
M.E.W. Ministry of Economic Warfare.
M.H. or M.O.H. Ministry of Health.
M.O.I. Ministry of Information.
M.O.S. Ministry of Supply.
M.U. Mobile Unit.
M.W.B. Ministry of Works and Buildings.
N.A.A.F.I. Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes.
N.A.C.D. National Association for Civil Defence.
N.D.C. National Defence Corps or Contribution.
Q.M. Queen's Messengers.
R.C. Red Cross.
R.O.C. Royal Observer Corps.
R.P. Rescue Party.
RP/H. Repairs Heavy (or Light).
R.S.D. Rescue Service and Demolition.
S.B. Stretcher Bearer.
S.F.P. Supplementary Fire Party.
S.P. Stretcher Party.
S.R.O. Senior Rescue Officer.
S.W. Shelter Warden.
V.A.D. Voluntary Aid Detachmt.
W. Warden.
W.D. War Department.
W.I. Women's Institute.
W.L.A. Women's Land Army.
W.O. War Office.
W.R. War Reserve (Police).
W.V.S. Women's Voluntary Services.

The Way of the War

THIS AMERICA IS NOT TOO PROUD TO FIGHT

'Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness'

"AMERICA," said the President of the U.S.A.," is too proud to fight."

"America," said the President of the U.S.A., "will never survive as a happy and prosperous oasis of liberty in the midst of a desert of dictatorship. When we repeat the great pledge to our country and our flag it must be our deep conviction that we pledge, as well as our work, our will and, if it be necessary, our lives."

Two declarations, but what a gulf of time and circumstance separates Woodrow Wilson's speech on the morrow of the Lusitania's sinking in 1915 from Franklin Delano Roosevelt's broadcast of July 4, 1941! Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Churchill has told us, was first and foremost, all through and last, a Party man, one whose dominating loyalty was to the great political association which had raised him to the presidency. Next he was a good American, an academic Liberal, a hater of war and violence.

COMPARE this professor at the White House with the man who sits there today. F. D. R. is a Democrat like Wilson; he too is a good American, a liberal in mind and spirit and life, though no one could call his liberalism academic. He too is a sincere hater of war and violence. But whereas Woodrow Wilson thought, or gave the impression that he thought, that peace could be secured by scholarly chidings, followed if they were not heeded by increasingly indignant protests, Roosevelt long ago reached the conclusion that, if America wants peace, then she must be prepared to fight for it.

Not until April 2, 1917, did Wilson deliver his war message to Congress; and as late as the previous January he had told Colonel House that "There will be no war. This country does not intend to become involved in this war," and three weeks later still made his famous "Peace without Victory" speech to Congress.

THIS war is not yet two years old, but its 23 months have brought America, if not actually into the war, at least on to its very doorstep. In effect the United States stand now where they stood in 1917, when Wilson, driven at last from his ivory tower where for so long he had maintained a detachment as aloof as it was irritating—we may recall Theodore Roosevelt's bitter outburst, "For many months our Government has preserved between right and wrong a neutrality which would have excited the emulous admiration of Pontius Pilate, the arch-typical neutral of all time"—picked up the gauntlet flung down by the Germany of the Kaiser. In 1939 as in 1914 America was neutral, but a very few months' experience of this war blasted her neutrality into a thing of shreds and tatters. Americans today are proud to hear their country called the Arsenal of Democracy. The dollar sign has been removed from the two nations' commerce, and American war materials of every kind are pouring across the Atlantic, not sold but leased and lent to Britain. The last time America went to war she had to build up an army from scratch; she would have had to do so in 1939. But if she goes to war today there are a million and a half young Americans ready and eager to enter the battle. American ships by the hundred are bringing aid to Britain.

AMERICAN warships are patrolling the Atlantic as far west as the 20th degree. Their orders are to report if they sight a German hull rising above the horizon, but few expect them to content themselves with acting as messenger boys for our Navy. The America of the last war was inclined to shrug its shoulders at what Wilson in one of his utterances described as a "drunken brawl" on the other side of the Atlantic, but the Americans today have flung from them the cloak of isolationism and are stripped to brave the boisterous buffetings of war. American destroyers—true, the White Ensign flies at their masthead—are hunting Nazi U-boats; American marines have landed in Iceland; American bases have been established in British colonies. German and Italian funds, sent to America for safe custody, have been appropriated on the order of the President, and German and Italian consuls have been given their marching orders. American shipyards are filled with clatter and clangour as ship after ship rises above the stocks to take the places of those Hitler's submarines have sent to rust amid the weeds and obscene creatures of the sea bottom. American factories are working non-stop so that Britain shall have the planes, the ships, the guns, the tanks, the shells, and all the other paraphernalia of war that she must have if she is not to lose the fight that is America's fight, too.

A WEEK or two ago America celebrated Independence Day. On July 4 some 150 millions cast their thoughts back to that day in 1776 when the Fathers of the Union adopted the declaration born of Jefferson's brain and pen. In 1941 the anniversary was commemorated with even more than usual solemnity and patriotic fervour. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian border to that of Mexico, men and women, boys and girls, assembled in city and town and village and listened to the new Chief Justice speak into the microphone from a park somewhere in the Rockies of Colorado. With one voice they repeated after him the pledge of allegiance to the United States flag. As one great multitude, joined in sympathy, made one in spirit, they were refreshed and inspired by Jefferson's noble sentences, surely contained among the title-deeds of humanity.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that amongst these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men . . ."

SELF-EVIDENT truths. Perhaps they were in 1776, yet not so self-evident today, when the Nazis and their Fascist hangers-on spit on them with derision. Not so self-evident that this generation of Americans may not be called upon to maintain and proclaim them "with our work, our will, our lives." For these things, this America — the America of today—is not too proud to fight. Nor, when you come to think of it, are we.

E. Royston Pike

Oh! Say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

YES, indeed it does. A hundred and sixty-five years after the foundation of the American Union, it waves over one hundred and fifty millions whose hands we hold in brotherhood across the waves that once divided but now unite. *Photo, Associated Press*

Soviet Soldiers Have Surprised the World

So disastrous to the Russian arms was the opening of the offensive against Finland in the winter of 1939-40 that the impression gained ground that the Red Army was by no means so great and powerful a force as we had been led to suppose. Even the eventual crushing of Finnish resistance did not suffice to stem the tide of disparagement. Thus it was that the magnificent stand of the Red Army against the Nazi invader came as a surprise to Western opinion.

IVAN has given Fritz a nasty jolt. "The German people," writes the military correspondent of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," "must understand that the Russian war is most complicated, not only owing to the enormous distance the German troops must cover, but also to the completely different attitude of the Red troops compared with the Belgian, French and Yugoslav troops. Soviet soldiers are unwilling to surrender or retreat when threatened by pincer movements, but stay as a threat to the Nazi rear so that the Germans cannot advance. The moral paralysis of the enemy which contributed so greatly to the victory in the West, has not occurred in the East. It has often happened that German troops have been cut from their lines of communication, and the danger to our advanced tank troops is greater than ever before. The German nation must realize the difference between France and Russia."

German war correspondents have told time and again of Red soldiers fighting to the last. Outside Minsk, for instance, crews of wrecked Russian tanks, instead of surrendering, hid in the woods and ambushed the advancing Germans, doing considerable execution with their automatic rifles. For days after the fortress of Brest-Litovsk had been stormed by the Nazis there was fierce fighting in the streets of the town between the Germans and Red Army "suicide squads"; the final struggle was fought out hand-to-hand in the total darkness of the corridors of magazines situated 150 feet below the ground. One German Army cook has told how a fortnight later his detachment was still being fired on from houses, from behind doors, and that it was still dangerous for Germans to venture down the side streets except with armed patrols. The night after the capture of Minsk a single Russian tank made a sudden appearance in the middle of the city and kept all its guns firing until it was destroyed; then the crew emerged, and although their clothing was on fire, used their tommy-guns until they were mown down.

In the forests bordering the roads along which the German columns have marched, thousands of Russians have remained, emerging every now and again to take heavy toll of the Nazis in carefully-laid ambushes. Then a solitary Red Army infantryman stepped out from among the bushes and quietly strewed nails on the track. Before the advancing German motor cyclists realized what was happening, their tires had been punctured, and machine-guns concealed in the undergrowth opened fire. Such stories as these could be multiplied almost indefinitely; they are the tribute wrung from the enemy to the high courage, resolution and fortitude of the men of the Red Army.

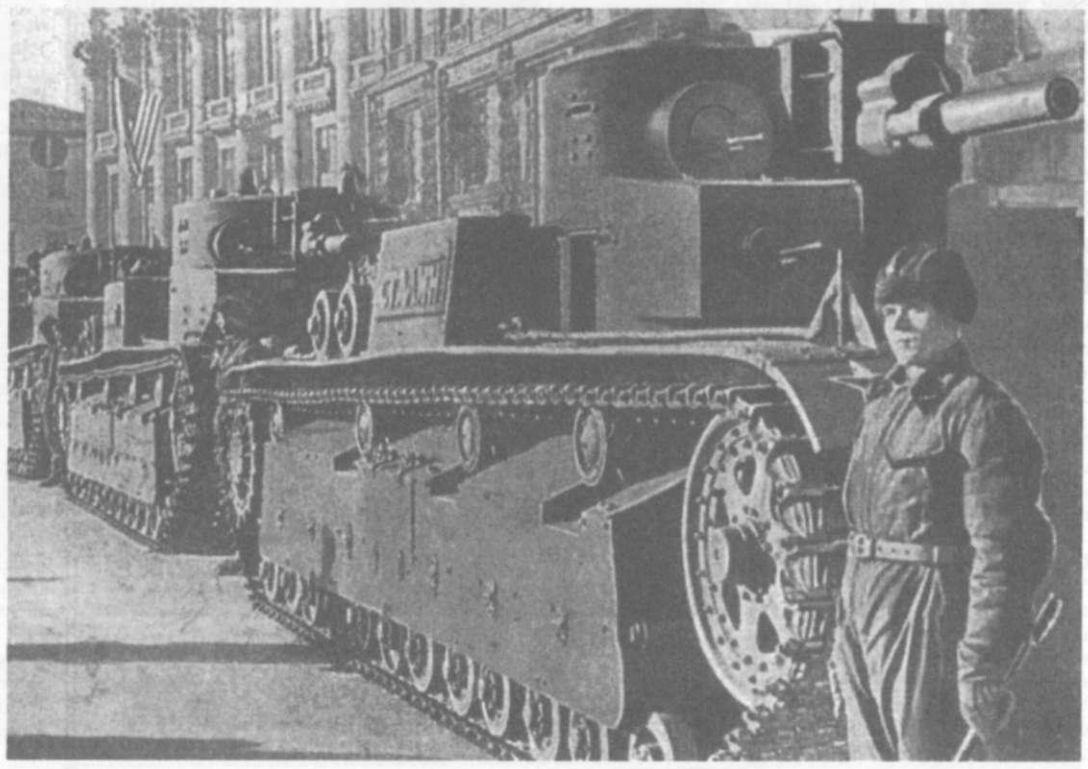
Perhaps we should not be surprised at the high character revealed by the Russians, since (Max Werner tells us) there is no other army in the world which pays greater attention to education. The Red Army, he says, is something more than a mere military instrument; it is at the same time a school and a political organization. It is an educational institution which seeks to raise the general educational level of its men. It has innumerable schools and over 2,000 libraries, and every soldier has to have some general knowledge of both modern and classical literature. Then he goes on to quote a French military expert who declared some years ago that "the ordinary soldier in the Red Army has a level of education, discipline and professional earnestness unrivalled in any other army."

When Officers and Men Mix

"Theirs not to reason why" and "You are not paid to think" have no place in the Red Army. Every soldier is also a Soviet citizen in the fullest sense of the term, and he is taught not only how to fight but something of the greatness of the country and society which it is his proud privilege to defend in arms. In the Red Army there are differences of rank, but officers and men when off duty mix freely, sitting at the same tables for meals, sharing the same reading-rooms, the same sports and recreation, listening to the same lectures on military topics—yes, even engaging in military debates together. Yet discipline is strict and well maintained. A year ago saluting was reintroduced into the Red Army; as the "Red Star" remarked at the time: "The salute of lower ranks to the superiors expresses respect, love and confidence in military leaders." Another order by Timoshenko was that in future Red Army men who had been arrested for breaches of discipline should not be confined as heretofore in "guard houses resembling rest homes." Henceforth, "In the guard houses they may sleep only six hours, after which beds are to be removed. Prisoners are forbidden to sleep on the floor, play any games, smoke, or listen to the radio." Strict arrest was defined as solitary confinement, sleep on bare boards, hot meals every other day, bread-and-water and tea every day; simple arrest means bread, tea, water, and a hot meal and work every day.

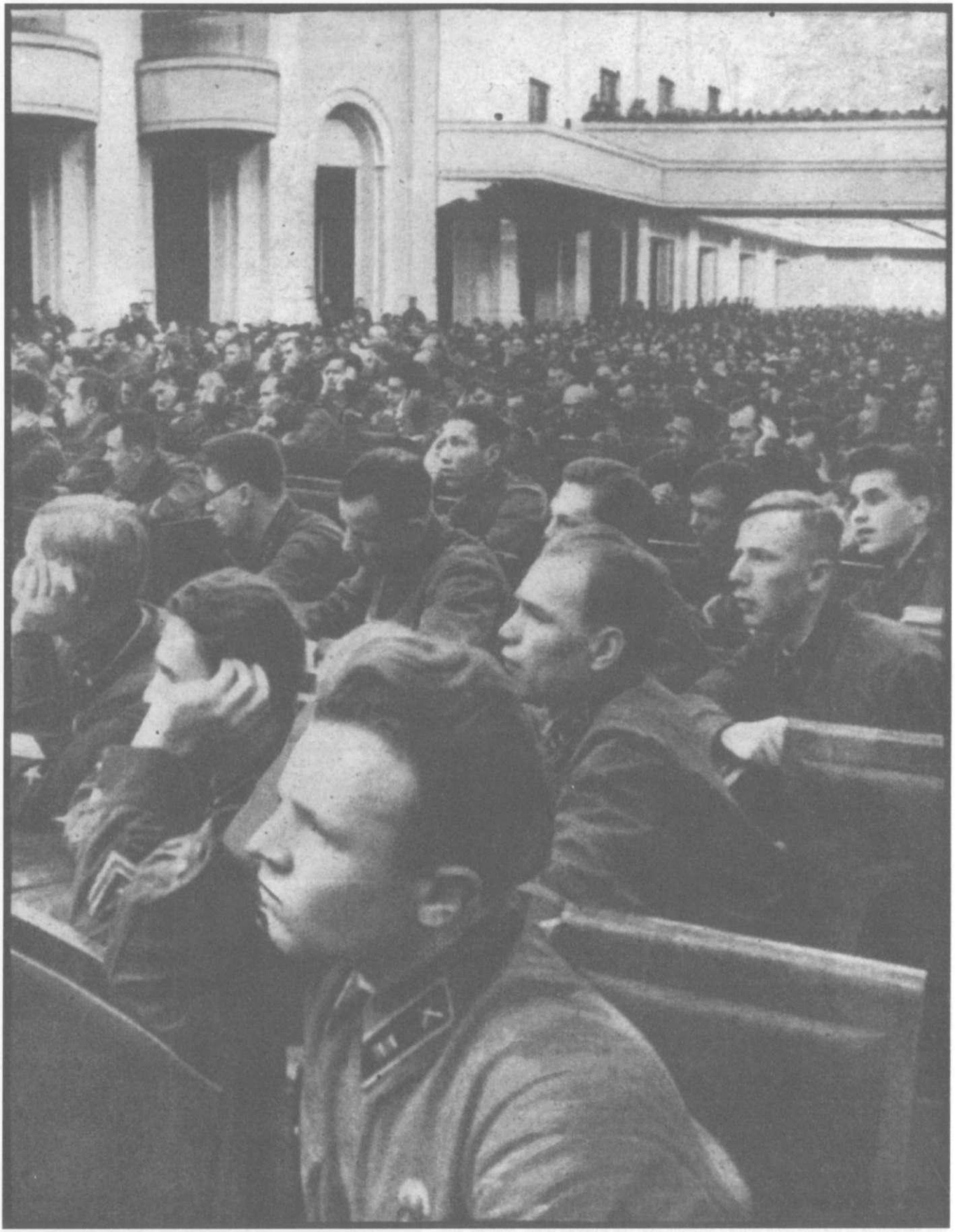
Not the least of the virtues of the Red Army system is that there is nothing to prevent a private soldier working his way up to the highest ranks. Practically all the generals of the Red Army were once rankers.

What, then, may we expect of the Russian Army in its great life-and-death struggle with Hitler's hordes? Sir Bernard Pares gave the answer the other day in the "Manchester Guardian." "Great losses," he wrote, "perhaps great retreats, but in any case, a sturdy national resistance in which the soldier will feel that he has far more of a share in what he is defending than before the Revolution. The principal change that has taken place in Russia since then is a universal growth of public interest, of quick and firm initiative, and, above all, backbone. It would be quite absurd to think that a national army which I saw making such a glorious resistance in the last war, sometimes even without rifles or cartridges, will now show less vigour and courage with the enormous, if rough-and-ready, provision of mechanical defence that has been won for it by the Five-Year Plans."



RUSSIAN TANKS on parade in Moscow for the visit of M. Matsuoka in April 1941. The foremost tank bears the name "Stalin" on its side. According to Max Werner, the new Soviet tank for accompanying infantry has stronger armour than the similar French Renault tank and three times its speed. The new Soviet medium-heavy tank of 30 tons is stated to be armed with three cannon and four machine-guns.

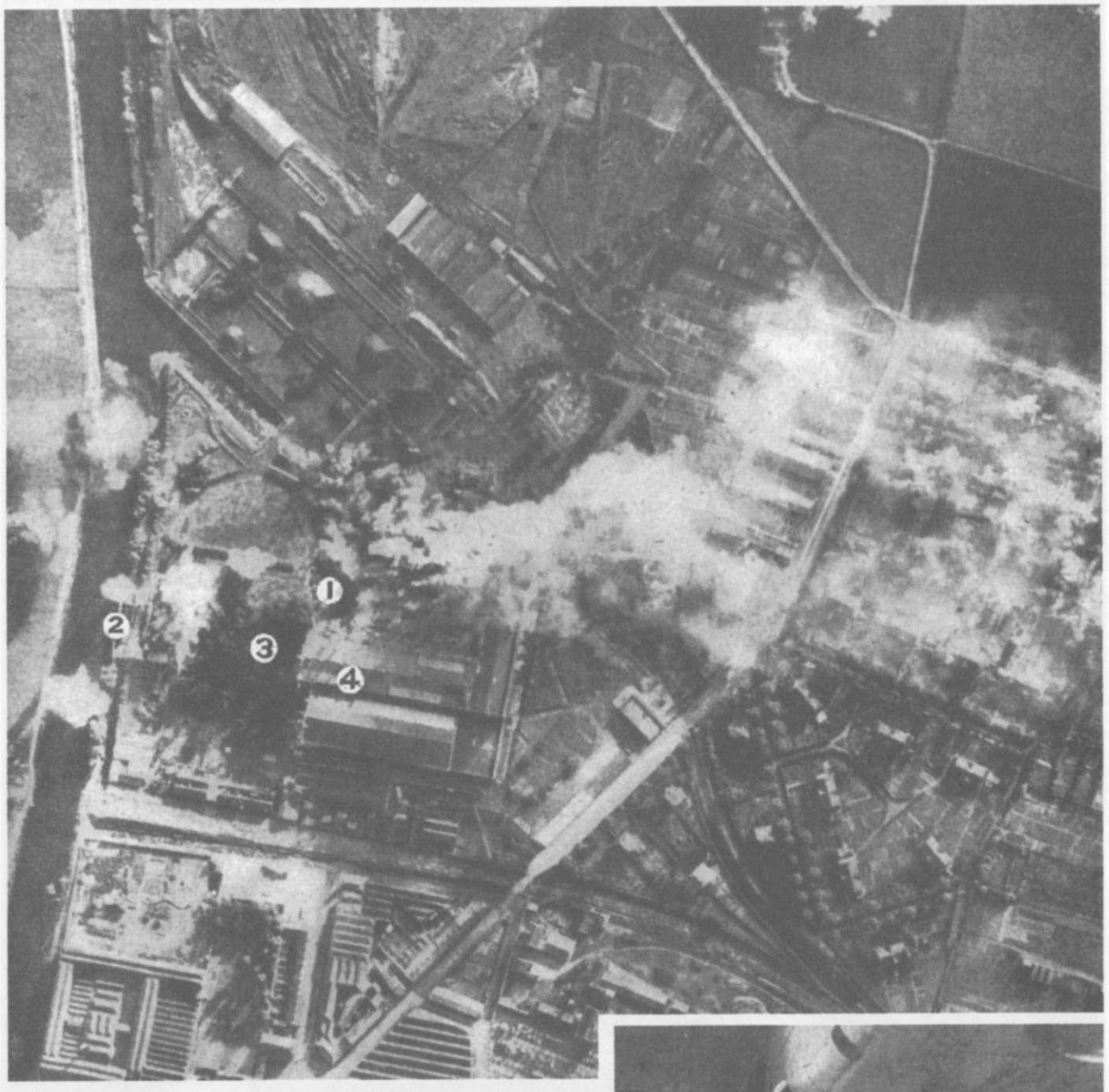
Stalwarts of the Red Army Listen to Stalin



WHILE STALIN SPEAKS, members of the Red Army, assembled in the Kremlin, Moscow, bend forward to catch his words. In his great appeal to the Soviet peoples on July 3 Stalin called upon the Red Army and Navy and all the citizens of the Soviet Union to defend every inch of the Soviet soil, to fight to the last drop of their blood, to defend their towns and villages, and to show to the utmost their daring and ingenuity. Putting forward what has been called his "scorched earth" policy, he insisted that "it is necessary to create in invaded areas unbearable conditions for the enemy."

Photo, Planet News

R.A.F. Invasion of Hitler's Europe Has Begun



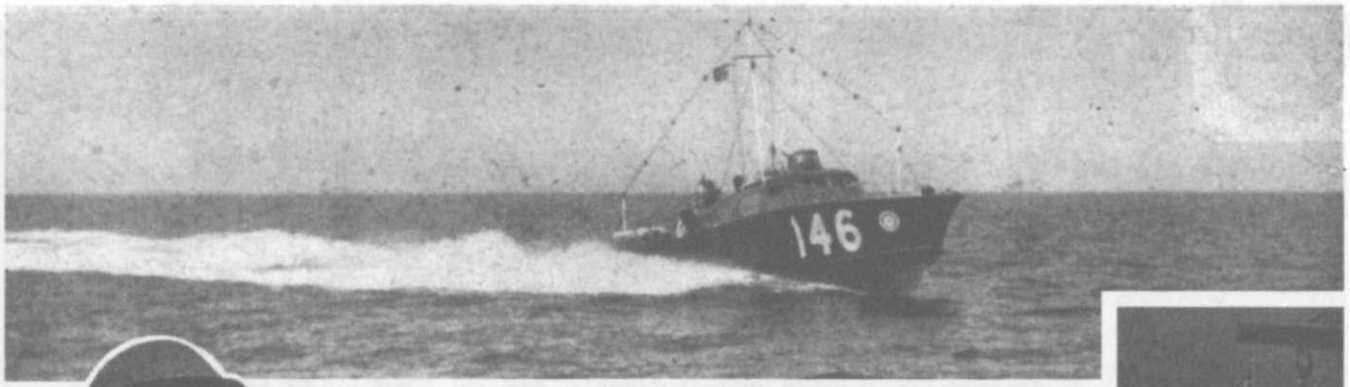
BOMBS BURSTING on the power station at Comines, Franco-Belgian frontier town. They are seen exploding on (1) the boiler-house, (2) pump-house, (3) water-circulating pipes, and (4) turbine-house. The right-hand photograph shows a Blenheim being loaded up with bombs preparatory to a daylight sweep. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Barratt's*

THE great R.A.F. offensive over Northern France and Germany proceeds with increasing fury. From June 24 to July 10 no fewer than 128 raids were carried out in night and day operations.

German works and French arsenals under Nazi control felt the full weight of Britain's new striking power. Aircraft factories, chemical works, power stations, Nazi convoys hugging the French coast, are now under continuous bombardment. So great is the damage that many factories have been compelled to close down, and French workers, slave-bound to Hitler's war-chariot, are said to be striving for better shelter accommodation.

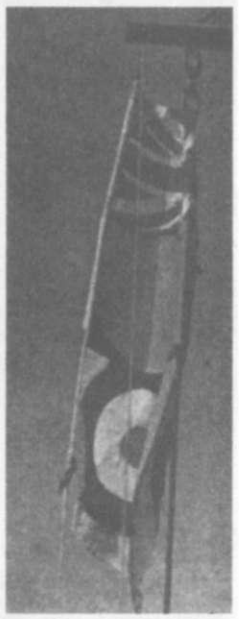
These formidable sweeps have become as regular as clockwork, and the ominous drone of our fighters and bombers is to be heard as every summer dawn and dusk comes up over the Channel. The aerial invasion of Northern France and of Germany itself, so long delayed for lack of material, is now part of a battle that will not cease until the Germans lay down their arms and surrender. Taking full advantage of the diversion of the Luftwaffe over the Russian front, Bomber and Coastal Commands, following the plan, consistently in operation since last summer, of disrupting the enemy's war machine, are "going to it" with a will, encouraged by their superior skill, the better quality of their machines, and the fact that these machines are piling up in vast numbers behind Britain's ramparts of liberty.

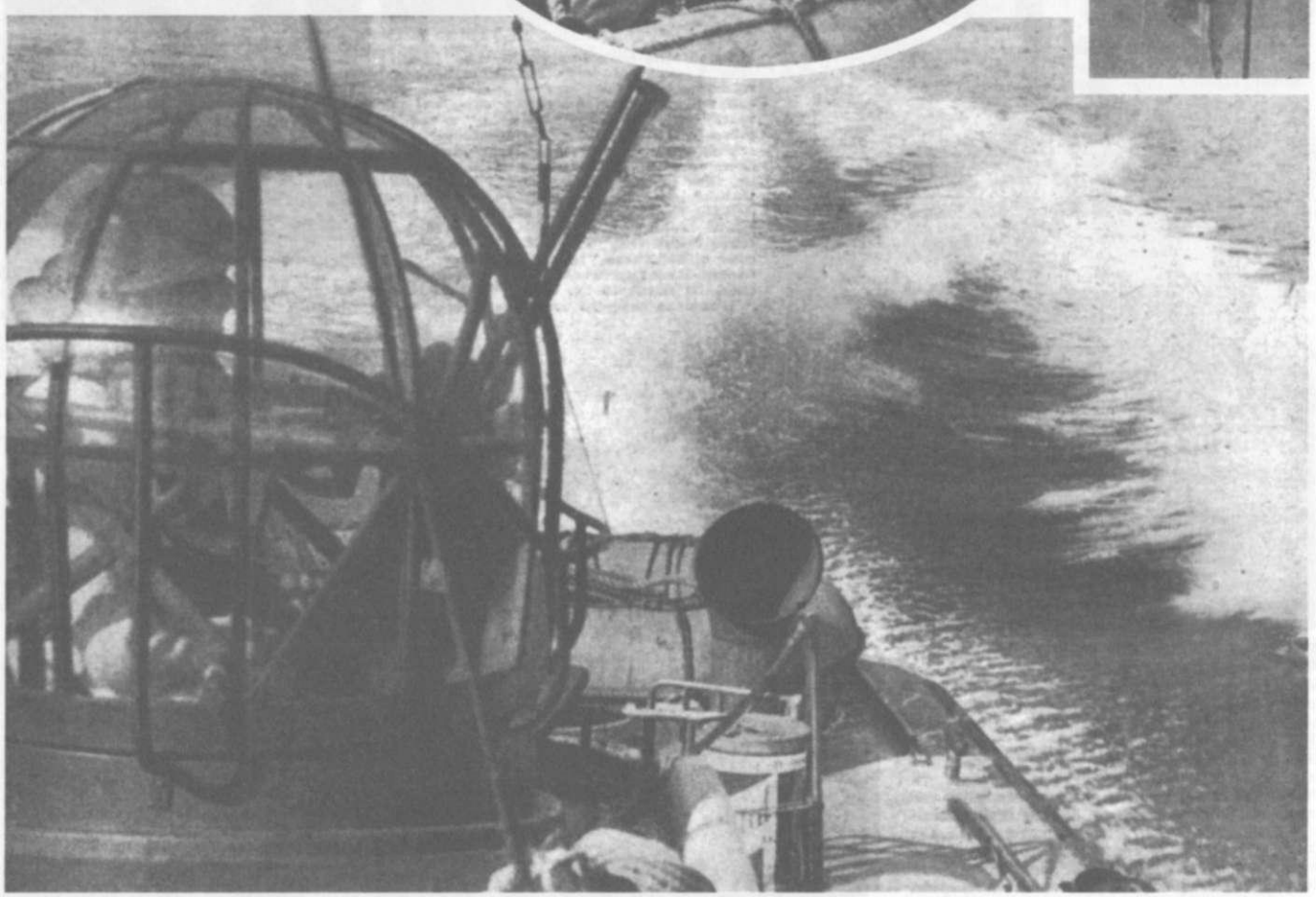
Succour for Our Men Down in the Channel



Racing along the Straits of Dover to pick up a pilot who has baled out is an R.A.F. rescue launch. On the right, the mast of the launch with her distinctive flag.

Flying-Officer captain of the high-speed rescue launch on the look-out. His peace-time job was that of a Bristol Channel pilot.





R.A.F. RESCUE LAUNCH speeds to pick up a pilot in the Channel; note the machine-gunner in his turret. The oval photograph shows an R.A.F. corporal and first-class coxswain seated in the ship's rescue craft. With continuous daylight raids over Northern France these R.A.F. launches are constantly on patrol, and many pilots have been saved by the skill and courage of their personnel. The photographs in this page were obtained while a Channel sweep by the R.A.F. was in actual progress.

Photos, "News Chronicle." Exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Speed the Tanks for the Victory Roll!

First of the tanks bought in the "Speed the Tanks" campaign leaves a London factory, where soldiers and civilians at the works subscribed £2,000 towards its cost. Left, "Waltzing Matilda," a name given by a Royal Tank Regiment unit as a compliment to the Australians who have done so well with this type of heavy tank in the Middle East. Right, a woman worker in a munitions factory pneumatic-drilling the steel sideplate of a tank. Beneath are some of Britain's new 16-ton tanks called the "Valentine." Strung out over a field these "land battleships" have a formidable appearance. The "Valentine" owes its name to St. Valentine's Day, for that date happens to be its birthday.

THE War will be largely won in the factories, and every good and willing workman or workwoman is an artificer of victory. Britain, always slow to "get off the mark" in wartime, is none the less sure when she does get into her stride. After a year of organization the shortage of planes is being made good. Now it is "Speed the Tanks!" Just as we are getting planes in sufficient number eventually to overwhelm the Nazis in the air, so must we have a superabundance of tanks to destroy Hitlerism on land. On June 30 it was announced that Lord Beaverbrook had been appointed Minister of Supply to speed up the production of tanks. There is no question as to the splendid quality of our tanks of various types, for when it comes to building a machine Britain always leads the world. The question now is quantity. Then, "Speed the Tanks!"

Photos, British Official; Topical, "Daily Mirror"

In Giant Battles Russia Stems the German Flood

Great tank battles and relentless guerilla warfare were features of the final stage of the orderly Russian withdrawal from the buffer states to the main defensive position along the Russian frontier of 1938. Here stubborn Soviet resistance frustrated the quick break-through anticipated by the German High Command.

AFTER a fortnight of intensive warfare, in which tremendous battles were fought by night and day over a front of 1,800 miles, certain facts emerged despite the fog of war and military censorship. When due allowance had been made for extravagant claims in the official communiqués of the adversaries, it seemed fairly clear that the quick break-through on which the Wehrmacht had reckoned had not yet materialized. The buffer states which Stalin had cleverly interposed between Russia and Hitler's anticipated eastern drive—the Baltic States, the annexed Polish territory and Bessarabia—these were in the main quickly overrun, as no doubt the Soviet High Command had expected them to be. Even so, they were not won except at the cost of heavy losses to the Nazis both in men and material.

Fighting a magnificent and highly-efficient rearguard action, the advance forces of the Soviet Army fell back from the frontiers of these buffer states upon the main forces waiting on the strongly fortified positions, popularly known as the Stalin line, though in no sense was it a rigid line, which marked the 1938 borders of the Soviet Union.

Nazi Prodigality of Men

Confident of quick victory, the Germans had flung into the battle masses of troops far more numerous than those employed on the Western Front during the last war. A complete army corps took part in the storming of Brest Litovsk, which fell on June 24, and this corps' advanced scouting unit consisted, we are told, of a whole division. But despite the prodigality with which the Germans flung their troops into the battle against an army which was not yet fully mobilized, the speed of their advance, though great in the first few days, was not commensurate with the rate at which they were losing men and material.

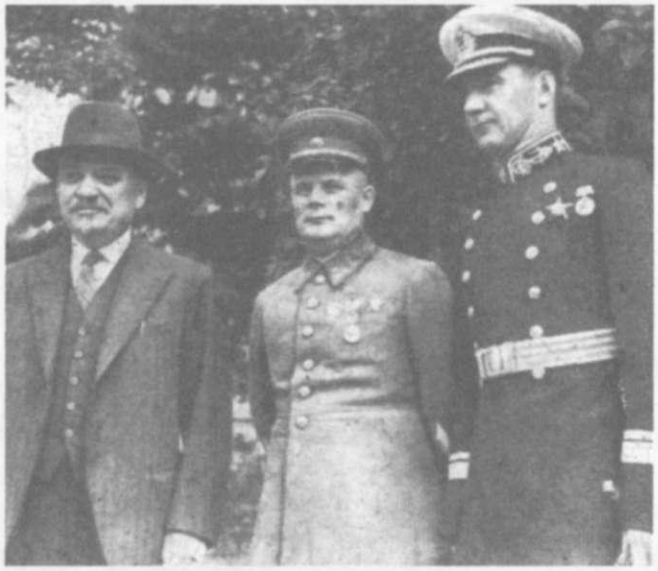
Over the immense battle line, stretching from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea, certain main German thrusts were perceived. In the south the Black Sea port of Odessa was an obvious goal, but the German and Rumanian forces thrusting across Bessarabia had a hard task in forcing the River Pruth; and though it was crossed at several points during the first days of July, little headway was made in this sector, where Russian counter-attacks succeeded in throwing back enemy formations in many places on to their original positions. In this sector heavy rainfall, too, checked the Germans, bogging tanks and transport.

In the extreme north, at the other end of the battle line, the Arctic port of Murmansk was the object of a strong Nazi thrust, but though the Germans claimed the capture of the port on July 1, their occupation, if capture it they did, was of short duration. The German advance here was embarrassed by the daring landing of a strong force of Soviet storm troops under cover of the guns of the Soviet Arctic fleet.

It was in the northern sector, too, that a battle of a different kind from that being fought elsewhere went on for a week along the Stalin Canal. At the beginning of the campaign it became obvious to the Russians that their submarine fleet operating in the Baltic would be trapped if the Nazi troops advancing north-east through Estonia and south-east through Finland should break through and capture Leningrad. It was therefore decided to evacuate the main submarine force through the Stalin Canal from Kronstadt to the White Sea. To interfere with this move, the Germans concentrated forces of dive-bombers to deliver an uninterrupted sequence of day and night attacks upon the canal. The Russians, on their side, flew continuous patrols above it, and although the German raiders did a certain amount of damage it was reported that the majority of the fleet got through safely.

Not only was the Nazi threat to Murmansk temporarily averted, but the thrust across the Karelian isthmus towards Leningrad seemed to have achieved no decisive results. In fact, the north-eastern thrust through Latvia to Ostrov was by far the most dangerous menace to Leningrad, and here it was that one of the main German offensives developed. On July 9 the Germans claimed the capture of Ostrov, but Russian communiqués declared that on this front all German attacks had been repulsed with heavy losses.

The main German attack was through Minsk in the direction of Smolensk and Moscow. In this sector two distinct Nazi offensives developed, the northern through Lepel and the southern through Bobruisk, so that the German strategy became apparent as a pincers movement intended to close upon Smolensk. The southern thrust became the more dangerous of the two, the Lepel column having been successfully counter-attacked by the Russians. Here a complete German motorized division was wiped out, losing forty guns and a vast quantity of transport.



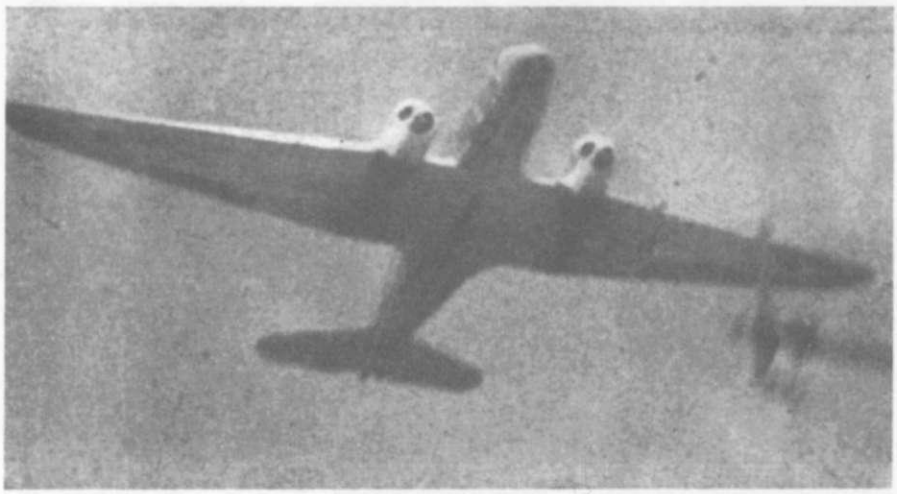
THE U.S.S.R. MISSION arrived in London for service consultations on July 8. Above, left to right, are M. Maisky, Soviet Ambassador in London, General Golikov, who headed the Mission, and the deputy-head, Rear-Admiral Kharlamov. *Photo, Planet News*

In the sector between Minsk and Bobruisk the Germans succeeded in crossing the historic Beresina River, but all attempts to force the line of the Dnieper were checked.

South of the Pripet Marshes the Germans strove hard to advance in the direction of Kiev. A German advance through Novgorod-Volynsk would, if pressed far, threaten the communications of the Russian forces operating in the Bukovina and Bessarabia; but here again, although some mechanized forces of the German army might have reached the River Sereth, as they claimed, the Russians seemed to have broken up enemy attempts to break through in force.

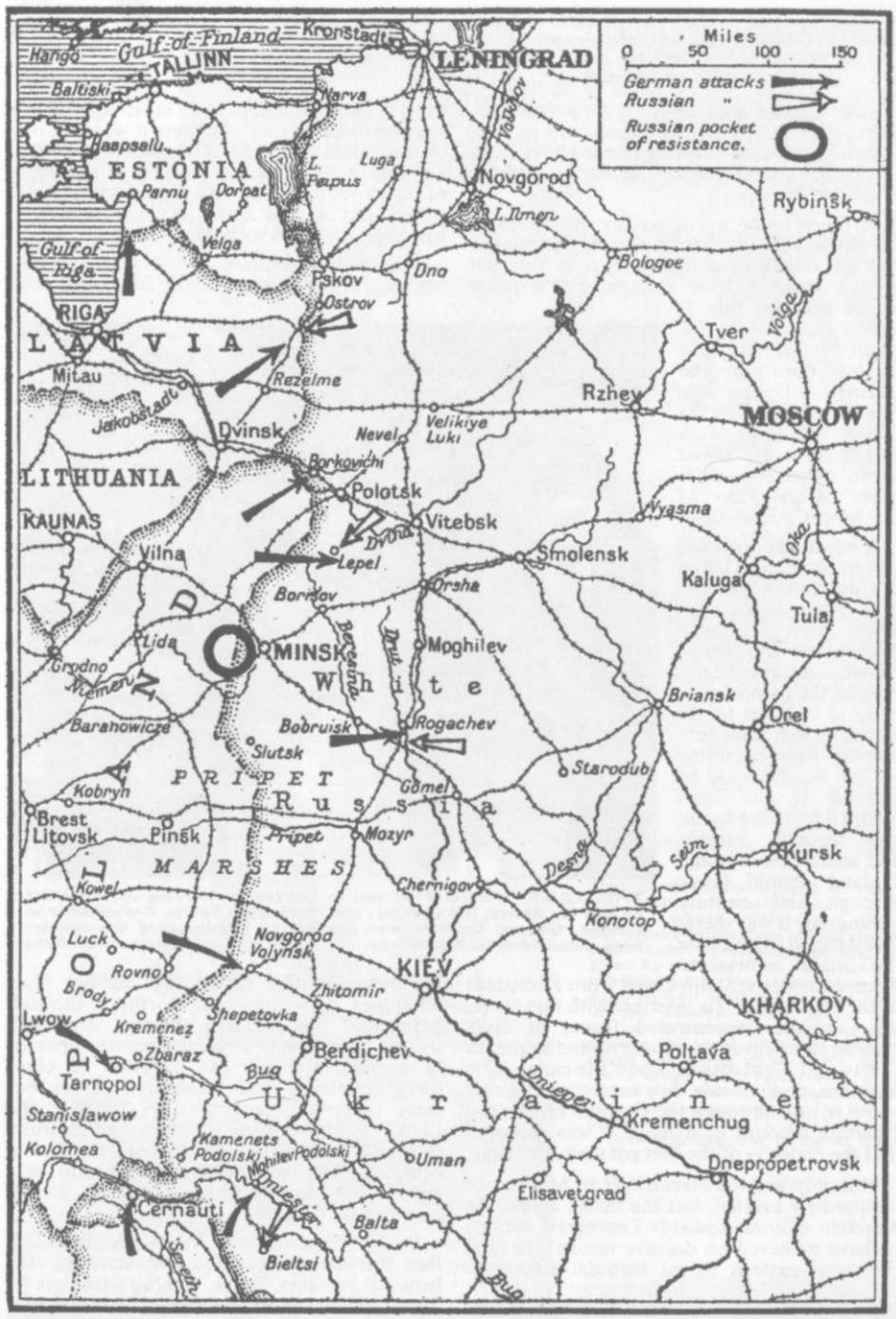
By July 11 the Moscow communiqués were able to announce that the main German thrusts had been held, and that the Red Army had at last established a "fairly stable line" along the whole front.

German progress during the week July 4-12 fell short of what the Nazi High Command had expected. Learning from the experience of other countries, the Russians made no attempt to keep the German tank units always in front of them, but allowed the spearhead of the attack to advance and then attempted to cut it off from the supporting



RUSSIAN PLANE, photographed during the Soviet occupation of Bessarabia in June, 1940. Little is known of the actual strength and composition of the Red Air Arm, but reports so far indicate that it has cooperated well with the Army. *Photo, Wide World, exclusive to* THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Conflicting Claims in a Terrific Struggle



RUSSIA AT BAY. On this map are indicated the principal German thrusts and the Russian counter-attacks in progress when the war was some three weeks old. *Courtesy of "The Times"*

infantry. Defence in depth was exploited to the utmost, and everywhere the policy of Stalin's, that the enemy must find nothing, was being carried into effect. Herman Harvey, American N.B.C. correspondent, broadcasting from Moscow, said: "Livestock is driven to the rear. The roads are jammed with tractors, trucks and agricultural equipment removed by the drivers from the front. What cannot be removed is destroyed. 'We will not leave a single horse, cow or sheep,' declare the peasants."

On Saturday night, July 12, when the war was three weeks old, the German High Command issued another of its grandiose communiqués. In this it was claimed that in a daring assault the Stalin Line had been broken through "at all the decisive points," that the German-Rumanian armies had thrown back the enemy beyond the Dniester, and that north-east of Dniester the Germans stood "immediately before Kiev." North of the Pripet marshes, the centre of the German offensive had been carried forward to more than 125 miles east of Minsk. This was the German story; the Russian was far different. The Soviet communiqué issued on July 14 claimed that "the first three weeks of fighting testify to the undoubted collapse of Hitler's blitzkrieg. The best German divisions have been broken up by the Soviet troops. German losses in killed, wounded and prisoners so far amount to not fewer than 1,000,000 men. Our losses in killed, wounded and missing are not more than 150,000 to 250,000. According to verified figures our air force has destroyed more than 2,300 German aircraft . . . German troops have lost more than 3,000 tanks. During this period we lost 1,900 aircraft and 2,200 tanks."

THE VOICE OF RUSSIA

Vengeance For London

WE do not fight this war alone, nor for ourselves only. Every Nazi killed by us, every tank smashed, every plane destroyed by us, is the reply to Hitler of the countries ravaged by the Nazis, of England determined to win, and of the liberty-loving people of the United States.

Every dead German, every smashed tank, every destroyed plane, is vengeance for London battered by a hundred raids, for our Allies in this war, and for those Germans who have fallen in the fight against Hitler.

That is the spirit that will make us resist to the utmost and will lead us to final victory—the spirit of solidarity with all freedom-loving people who are fighting for liberty against the twentieth-century Attila.—*Moscow Radio, July 5.*

Hitler's Mistakes

Hitler has made two great mistakes. His first error was to believe that Great Britain would capitulate. Instead, Great Britain has built up her forces until she is today mightier than ever.

Looking at what Hitler's Luftwaffe had done to beautiful London and other cities, the British set their teeth and aimed at one objective only—to smash Hitlerism. It is not for nothing that the English have coined the famous phrase, "Hitler's position is brilliant but hopeless."

Hitler's second great mistake was that he underestimated the strength of the Red Army.—*Alexei Tolstoy, in a broadcast from Moscow, July 7.*

'Sitting On Bayonets'

Napoleon said, "One cannot sit on bayonets." This is exactly what Hitler is trying to do.

We can mobilize another 10 million people if necessary, without any adverse effect on our man-power and material resources. That is why we are so calm in the face of difficulties.

Hitler says he wants to break the British Empire, and that the shortest route to London is via New York. The Germans also say they will soon be in Moscow. The British song has it, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." And to Moscow the way is still longer.

The war has only begun. Hitler can win 100 battles; he will never win the war. We can fully guarantee that.—*Mr. Lozovsky, Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, July 2.*

NAZIS HUNTING RED SNIPERS on the Eastern front. This German photograph, which reached London after having been radioed by Dr. Goebbels' propaganda department to New York, is stated in the caption to show German shock troops searching for Soviet soldiers in Lithuania. Russian troops left behind the advancing German tanks have been waging a fierce guerilla war.

Photo, Wide World, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Across the Frontier into Russia with the Nazis

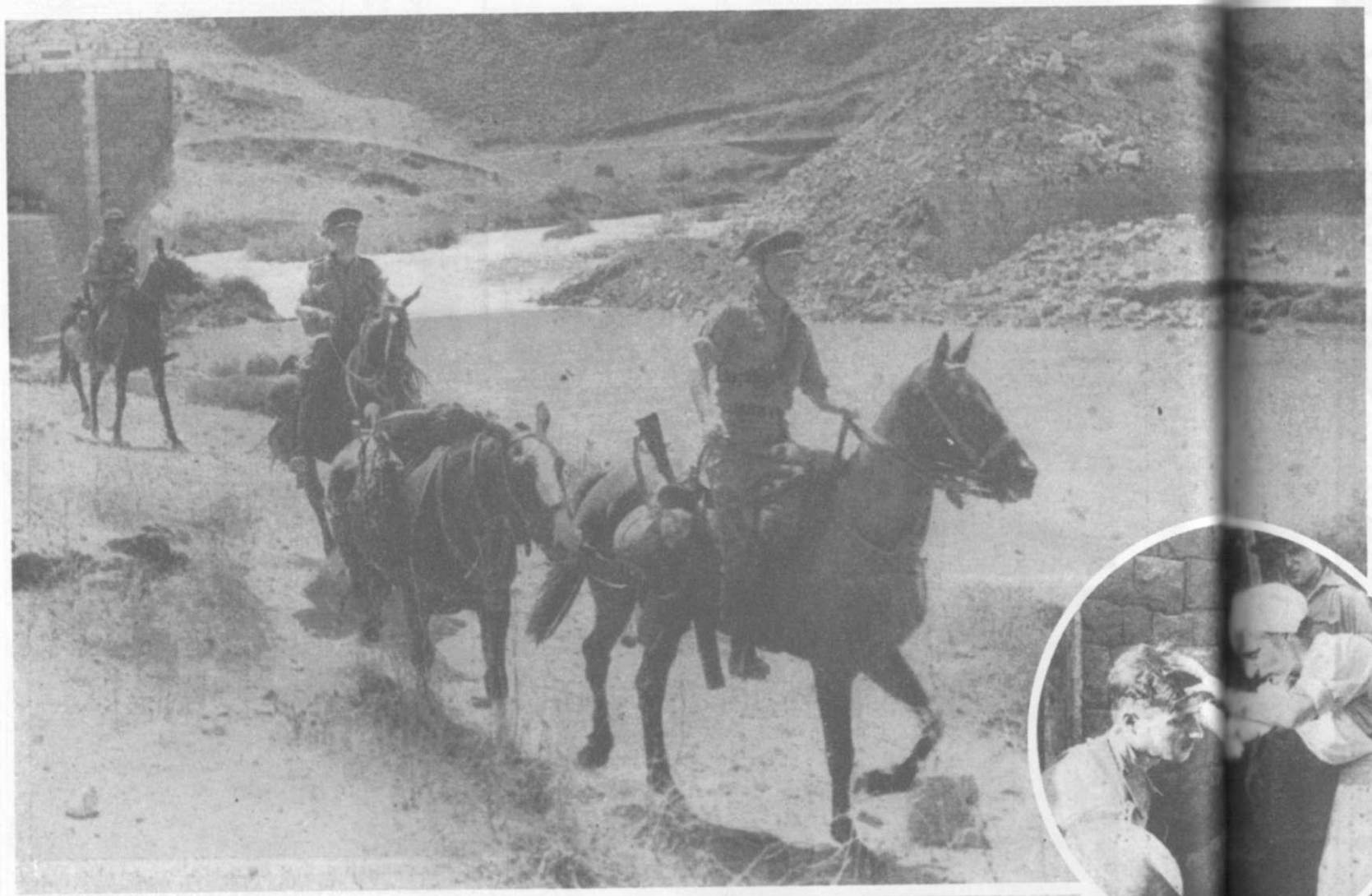
THE SCORCHED EARTH policy in action, by which the Russians have not only raised a barrier of fire between their armies and the Nazi hosts, but have destroyed the loot which was Hitler's objective in striking against the Soviets.

NAZI TROOPS being landed at Kaunas (Kovno), Lithuania (top photograph). Centre left, is an impression of the German motor-cyclists racing along a street in Kaunas. Not far from the East Prussian border, Kaunas was an easy objective of the Nazi Panzer divisions in the first moves of the war on the east front, and fell on June 24, three days after Hitler attacked. The photographs in this page were German-radioed to New York and sent back by Clipper.

Tragic victims of the "bloodthirsty guttersnipe" whose lust for world-power has destroyed the happiness of millions. Look on this photograph of helpless men, women and children, herded together in attitudes of despair, trying to find safety in some ravine as Hitler's murder-machine thunders east, and never forget that this "martyrdom of man" is the wish and will of the Nazi system. But the world is closing in upon the killers. Russia's heroism and efficiency have "shocked" the Germans in more ways than one.

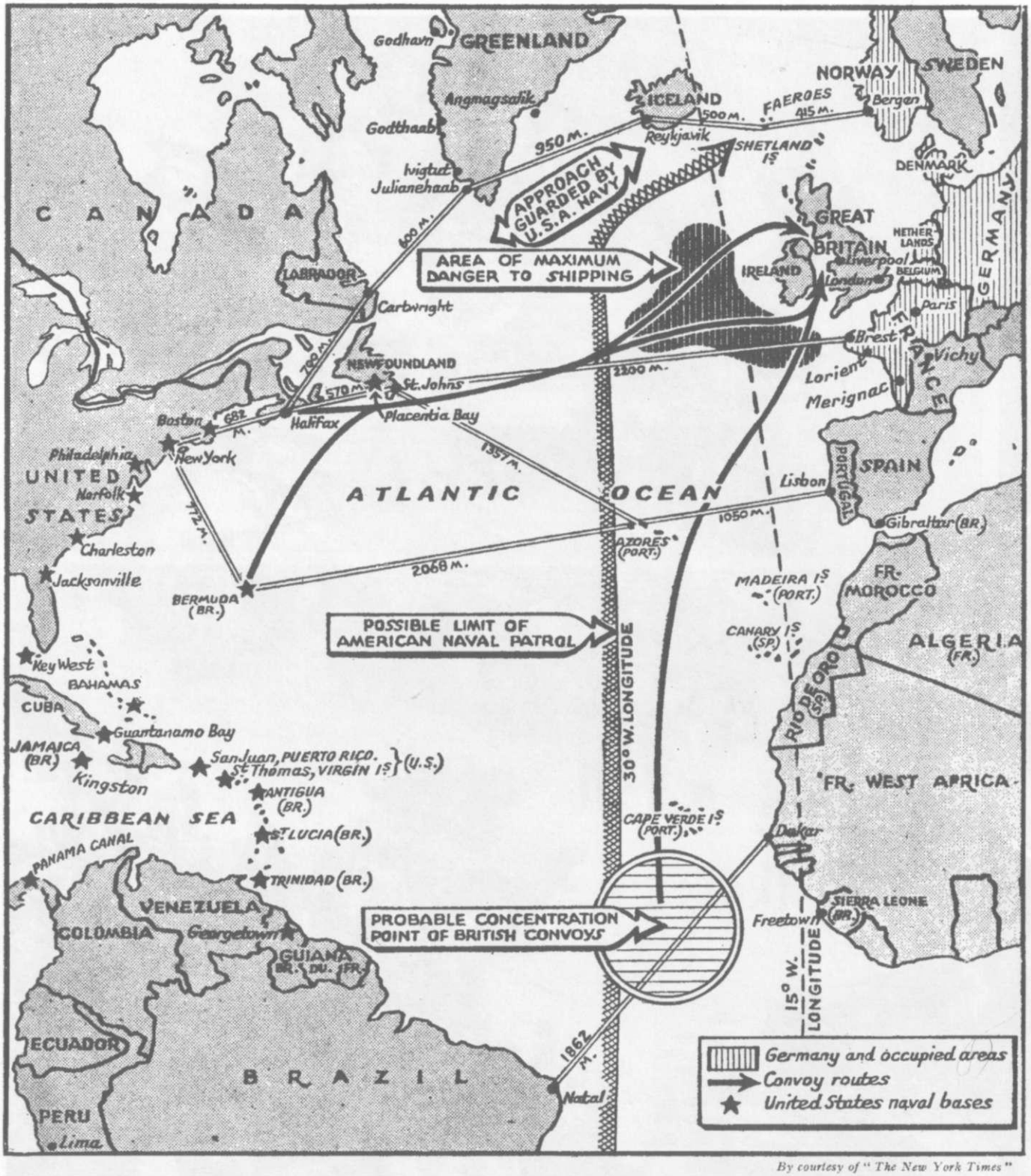
Photos, Wide World, exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED, *and Associated Press*

At the Front in Syria: First Photographs of British Troops in the C



WITH the acceptance and signing of the armistice on July 12, the Syrian campaign by the British and Free French forces against Vichy and its Nazi masters was concluded. The armistice was initialled by the light of headlamps in the officers' mess at the Sidney Smith barracks, Acre; and all lovers of true France must be glad that this distressing conflict is now over. These successful operations, so vital to our Middle East position, have been brilliantly carried out by our Imperial forces with the comparatively moderate number of casualties of not more than 1,500 British, Australian and Indian soldiers.

Still the Atlantic Is One Vast Battlefield



By courtesy of "The New York Times"

THE ATLANTIC CAMPAIGN is being fought out over the area shown in this map. What will decide victory or defeat in this great and remorseless battle in which the adversaries are struggling for control of the trade routes is neither the number of German submarines put out of action by the Royal Navy nor the number of British warships sunk by German mines, bombs, or torpedoes ; it will be decided by the number of British merchant ships, from tramp to liner, which can sail the seas, bringing to Britain the things she vitally needs and taking away the goods which will help to pay for them.

German attacks on warships are incidentals in this battle ; the main German attack is, and must remain, an attack against convoys. Therefore it follows that in this campaign the riveter in the dockyard plays a part just as vital as the sailor who launches a depth-charge against an enemy submarine, for the speed at which ships can be built and repaired is as important as the number of U-boats sunk. By a deliberate act of policy in taking over Iceland, President Roosevelt has also taken over a greater measure of responsibility for the security of the Atlantic crossing, since he has ordered American naval forces to assure the safety of communications in the approaches between Iceland and the United States. Thus the activities of the American neutrality patrol now virtually extend right across the Atlantic, and more of our own U-boat-hunting craft will be able to concentrate their efforts within a smaller range.

As will be seen from the map, the area of maximum danger to British shipping lies between the limit of the American naval patrol and the west of Ireland. This area lies comparatively near the occupied ports of Western France, and this is the reason for the reiterated R.A.F. attacks upon Brest and Lorient, the main bases of the German ocean-going U-boats, and the airfield at Merignac, near Bordeaux, base of the Focke-Wulf long-distance commerce raiders.

Both geographically and numerically Britain faces a naval problem it has never faced before, but American aid, already great, is growing fast.

America Joins Britain in Iceland's Defence

With the occupation of Iceland—the first territory outside the Western Hemisphere occupied by United States troops—American warships entered the zone blockaded by the German Navy. "Roosevelt is intruding into the battlefield," said one Nazi newspaper, while the official organ of the German Foreign Office denounced his action as that of "an ally of Bolshevism, a Yankee imperialist who has raped a small European nation."

AMERICAN forces have landed in Iceland. That was the announcement made by President Roosevelt in a special message to Congress on July 7. It followed hard upon reports that the Germans had been assembling at Narvik, in the north of Norway, an expeditionary force for a descent upon Iceland.

The United States, stated the President, could not allow the occupation by Germany of strategic outposts in the Atlantic to be used as air or naval bases for an eventual attack on the Western Hemisphere. A German occupation of Iceland would constitute a serious threat in three dimensions: against Greenland and the northern portion of the North American continent, including the islands which lie off it; against all shipping in the North Atlantic; and against the steady flow of munitions to Britain, which was a matter of broad policy clearly approved by Congress. For these reasons Iceland had been occupied, and for the same reasons substantial forces had also been sent to the bases acquired last year from Britain in Trinidad and British Guiana, in the south, to forestall any pincers movement by Germany against the Western Hemisphere.

Other points in the President's message were that the American Navy had been ordered to ensure the safety of communications between Iceland and the United States and all other strategic outposts; that Mr. Churchill had explained on June 24—two days after Germany attacked Russia—that the British forces in Iceland were needed elsewhere; and that America would observe a special request by the Icelandic Government that sufficient planes would be provided for defensive purposes.

Accompanying this special message were copies of communications which had been exchanged between Mr. Roosevelt and the Prime Minister of Iceland, Mr. Hermann Jonasson, on July 1, from which it was plain that triangular conversations had taken place between Britain, the United States, and Iceland on the subject. Mr. Jonasson had laid down certain conditions, as follows:

The United States promises to withdraw all military forces immediately at the conclusion of the present war, to recognize "the absolute independence and sovereignty of Iceland" and to use its influence to see that the eventual peace treaty will extend the same recognition, not to interfere with the Iceland Government during the occupation or afterwards, and to organize defence so as to ensure the greatest possible safety for the inhabitants with only "picked troops"; undertakes the defence of Iceland without expense to Iceland, and promises to further Iceland's interests in every possible way, including the supplying of "necessities" and the securing the necessary shipping. Iceland expects any declaration by the President to be in agreement with these promises, and considers it obvious that, if the United States undertakes the defence of Iceland, "it must be strong enough to meet every eventuality, particularly in the beginning; it is expected that as far as possible an effort will be made to prevent any special danger in connexion with the change-over."

Mr. Jonasson had added that Iceland had reached her decision as "an absolutely free and sovereign state," and considered it a matter of course that the United States would recognize Iceland's legal status, with both states immediately exchanging diplomatic representatives. In his reply, Mr. Roosevelt had stated that Iceland's conditions were fully acceptable and would be fully observed.

Commenting a few hours later on the President's message, Colonel Knox, United States Secretary of the Navy, announced that the President, as commander-in-chief of the American armed forces, had ordered the American Navy to take all necessary steps to keep the sea lanes open to the strategic outposts. He refused to say whether the orders implied that the Navy was prepared to shoot if necessary, but "the language of the message indicates that the policy goes farther than the original orders to the Navy"—those orders, it was understood, being that the American warships should act merely as patrols, and if they spotted a German U-boat or raider to pass on the information to the nearest British force.

Speaking in the House of Commons on July 9, Mr. Churchill said that the new move was in complete harmony with British interests. "The United States occupation of Iceland is an event of first-rate political and strategic importance. In fact, it is one of the most important things that have happened since the war began." He went on to say that it was still proposed to retain a British army in Iceland—British troops landed in Iceland in May, 1940, and were later joined by Canadians—and "as British and United States forces will both have the same object in view, namely the defence of Iceland, it seems very likely that they will cooperate closely and effectively in resistance to any attempt by Hitler to gain a footing."

Then the Premier made a reference to the second principle of United States policy—"the declared will and purpose of the President, Congress and people of the United States, not only to send all possible aid in warlike munitions and necessary supplies to Great Britain, but also to make sure we got them. . . ." Apart from this, the position of the United States forces in Iceland would, of course, require their being sustained or being reinforced from time to time. "These consignments of American supplies for American forces on duty overseas for the purpose of the United States would have to traverse very dangerous waters, and as we had a very large traffic constantly passing through these waters it might be found in practice mutually advantageous that the two navies involved should assist each other as far as convenient in that part of the waters."

Commentators were swift to point out that the American occupation of Iceland meant that America now claimed the right to patrol the Atlantic up to and even beyond the 15th degree of longitude, which runs through Iceland. Hitherto the American patrol zone had been bounded by the 20th degree, but now not only Iceland but the Cape Verde Islands and Dakar were included as being outposts of the defence of North America.

IN ICELAND British troops have been reinforced by a very large contingent of Americans. These probably include U.S. Marines, like those seen above left, on manœuvres at Timber Point, Long Island. The American forces will cooperate with the British, some of whom, manning a 6-in. naval gun, are seen above on the Iceland coast. *Photos, British Official, and World Wide*

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, JULY 6, 1941 *673rd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that in Mediterranean three Italian ships had been torpedoed and sunk and armed merchant cruiser crippled.

Air.—R.A.F. made low-level attack on enemy patrol vessels in North Sea, destroyed four and damaged others. Steel works at Lille hit. Eleven enemy fighters shot down.

Night attacks on Münster, Dortmund and other industrial districts in Ruhr and Rhineland, Emden, Rotterdam and Brest.

Russian Front.—Stubborn Russian resistance in Murmansk area. Counter-attacks by Red Army in Ostrov, Polotsk and Borisov sectors. Heavy fighting in Novgorod-Volynsk and Tarnopol areas.

Africa.—Cairo announced surrender of nine Italian generals and capture of 5,000 more prisoners in Abyssinia.

Docks and shipping at Benghazi bombed.

Near East.—British mechanized units advancing from Palmyra towards Homs. El Boum, strategic village near Beirut, captured. Australians crossed Damour river and battered Vichy defences.

Heavy R.A.F. raid on Palermo; five ships hit. Night attacks on Aleppo and Beirut.

Home.—Night raiders dropped bombs on coastal districts. Three destroyed.

MONDAY, JULY 7 *674th day*

Sea.—Convoy off Dutch coast attacked by R.A.F.; six ships hit. One freighter and one escorting E-boat sunk off Calais.

Air.—R.A.F. made day attacks on aircraft works near Albert and power station and chemical factory near Bethune. Seven enemy fighters destroyed for loss of three.

Very heavy night raids on targets in Ruhr and Rhineland, particularly Cologne, Osnabruck, Frankfurt and Münster. Lighter ones on Channel ports and Den Helder.

Russian Front.—Moscow stated that enemy attacks in Baltic States were repulsed, and also his attempts to cross the Western Dvina. Germans claimed progress towards Upper Dvina and Dnieper.

In Northern Ukraine Russians claimed to have checked enemy advance in Novgorod-Volynsk sector.

Africa.—Day and night raids on Libyan aerodromes and on Tripoli harbour.

Near East.—Local gains north of Jezzin. R.A.F. attacked Aleppo, Beirut, and Vichy flying-boats off coast of Syria.

Home.—Sharp night raid on Southampton causing casualties and much damage. Bombs also fell in south and south-east England. Six raiders destroyed.

General.—Pres. Roosevelt announced that U.S. naval forces had arrived in Iceland.

TUESDAY, JULY 8 *675th day*

Sea.—U-boat sunk by Fleet Air Arm off Gibraltar.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked power station and chemical works at Lille. Eleven enemy fighters destroyed; we lost seven. Synthetic oil plant near Bethune heavily bombed. Seven fighters destroyed for loss of five.

Night raids on Hamm, Essen, Münster, Bielefeld, Leuna and Haugesund. Shipping off north and west coasts of France attacked.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported that enemy was being held or counter-attacked along whole front. Repeated attempts to cross Dnieper failed. Germans captured Salla, Finland.

Near East.—Resistance round Damour broken by Australian forces after severe fighting. British column advancing from Palmyra now 15 miles from Homs.

Home.—Widespread night raids over Britain; main attack on Midlands. Five enemy aircraft destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 9 *676th day*

Air.—Heavy bombers made day attack on power station near Bethune. During operations 13 fighters were destroyed; we lost eight. Night attacks on Aachen, Osnabruck, Bielefeld, Münster and Ostend docks.

Russian Front.—Moscow claimed victory in Lepel area. Germany claimed capture of Ostrov and two towns in Estonia.

Africa.—R.A.F. bombed Benghazi harbour and many Libyan aerodromes.

Near East.—Announced that General Dentz had sued for an armistice. Imperial forces occupied Damour.

R.A.F. bombed Aleppo, Beirut and Rayak. Raid on Syracuse, when three float-planes were destroyed and others damaged. Night raid on Naples.

Home.—Enemy activity over coastal areas. Four raiders destroyed.

THURSDAY, JULY 10 *677th day*

Air.—R.A.F. attacked shipping at Cherbourg and Le Havre; six ships, totalling 20,000 tons, a total loss. Chemical works and railway sidings attacked at Chocques, near Bethune. Sixteen enemy fighters destroyed. Britain lost ten fighters and two bombers.

Night attacks on Cologne and elsewhere in Rhineland. Docks at Ostend, Calais and Boulogne also bombed.

Russian Front.—Furious battle still raging round Ostrov. Russians, counter-attacking at Polotsk and Lepel, claimed destruction of Panzer division. Another German division defeated at Borisov, and enemy held at Bobruisk and round Novgorod-Volynsk.

Africa.—Heavy raids on Benghazi harbour and Libyan airfields.

Near East.—Paris radio stated that Australian troops occupied Beirut.

Naples bombed for three hours at night.

Home.—Bombs fell by night at points in east and north-east of England, including sharp attack at one coastal place.

FRIDAY, JULY 11 *678th day*

Sea.—Three German freighters reported mined off Sweden.

Air.—R.A.F. bombed shipyard near Rouen. In another daylight sweep over Northern France nine enemy fighters were destroyed. Night raid on Wilhelmshaven.

Russian Front.—Pause in operations.

Near East.—Vichy announced that French Govt. had refused terms for armistice. Later Gen. Dentz agreed to negotiations and Cease Fire was ordered from midnight.

SATURDAY, JULY 12 *679th day*

Air.—During daylight sweeps railway and canal communications were bombed, shipping off Dutch coast attacked, and six enemy fighters destroyed. At night Bremen was attacked with exceptionally heavy bombs.

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting took place, according to Moscow, in areas of Pskov, Vitebsk and Novgorod-Volynsk, but caused no important change.

Germany claimed to have pierced Stalin Line at several points; that Leningrad was threatened, and occupation of Kiev imminent.

Near East.—Allied terms for armistice in Syria accepted by Gen. Dentz.

General.—British and Soviet Governments signed a military agreement.

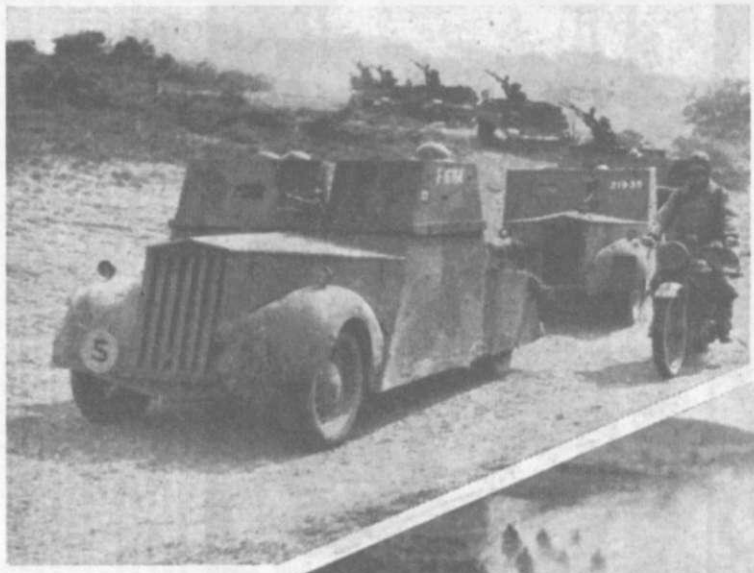
CANADIAN TANK CREWS were among the latest contingent of Canadian soldiers to arrive in this country. Cheered by their comrades, a detachment of these men, among whom are many American volunteers, is seen marching into camp. These men form the advance guard of an increasing number of panzer troops now being trained in Canada to man the steadily increasing output of Canadian tanks.

Photo, Keystone

Britain's 'Recce' Troops Seen in Action

Above we have a glimpse of members of Britain's new Reconnaissance Corps ("Recce") preparing to dislodge the enemy by means of a 3-in. trench mortar. Right, "enemy" troops, during field exercises, are firing at Reconnaissance troops advancing through a smoke screen.

FASTEST-moving unit in the British Army is the new Reconnaissance Corps, now an integral part of the Forces, with its own distinguishing badge. The men of the Army know it as the "Recce Corps." Formed at the beginning of 1941, it is a lightly-armoured and very fast-moving force, and its task is to provide a modern equivalent of the old divisional cavalry. Each scout company of the Corps carries with it a platoon of motorized infantry to be used against parachute troops or other enemy pockets of resistance and to give support until the main body of troops arrives. These infantrymen have to be more highly trained than infantry of the line, specialists in the art of guerrilla warfare and capable of acting on their own initiative. The Corps makes use of a variety of mechanized transport: motor-cycles, lorries, Bren-gun carriers, armoured cars and scout cars, and each unit is self-contained, with its own automatic cookers, repair outfits, petrol carriers and A.A. weapons. Like the British parachute troops the men of the Recce Corps are picked men and all volunteers. The Reconnaissance Corps will take its place in the van of the attack, spying out the land, holding up the enemy and sending back information by radio.



Recce cars, accompanied by Bren-gun carriers, are shown above careering over rough country during tactical exercises in Northern Ireland. Every man is so trained that he can take his turn in driving and maintaining Bren carrier, motor-cycle and armoured car, and he is taught to be familiar with every kind of automatic arms.

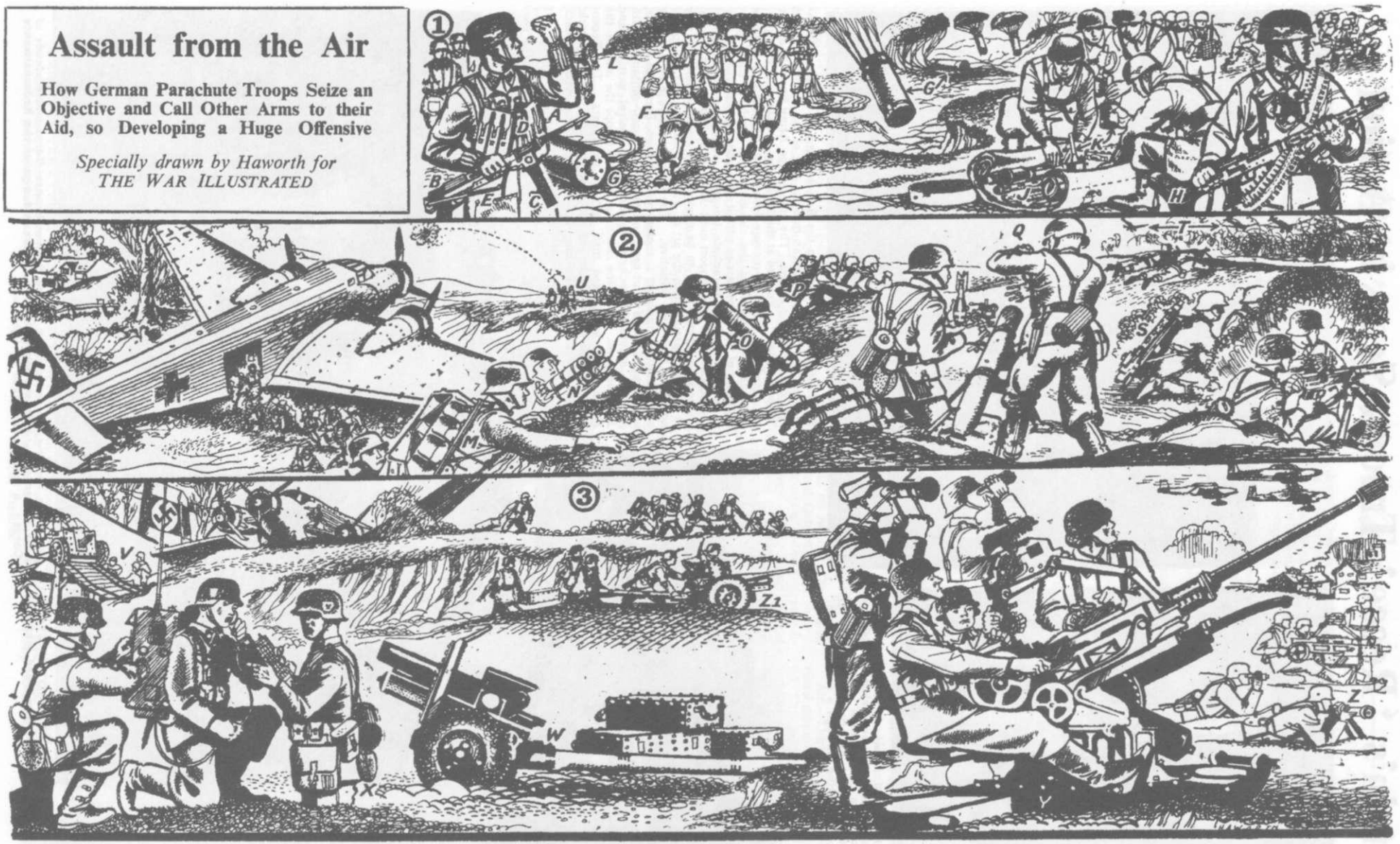
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

'RECCE' MOTOR-CYCLISTS, part of a motor-cycle detachment of the Reconnaissance Corps, raise clouds of dust as they speed into action during manoeuvres. Left, the new badge for officers and men of the Reconnaissance Corps: a spearhead flanked by lightning.

Assault from the Air

How German Parachute Troops Seize an Objective and Call Other Arms to their Aid, so Developing a Huge Offensive

Specially drawn by Haworth for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED



GERMAN PARATROOPS (Drawing 1). The men have freed themselves from their parachute harness, and are running at their section leader's signal (A) to form round him. His parachute is of distinctive colouring, and he is armed with a machine-pistol (B) which fires 30 rounds contained in the clip (C). Six reserve clips are carried in the pouches (D). This weapon is normally fired from the hip, but if the extensible stock (E) is folded backwards a more accurate aim can be taken at extreme range of 200 yards from the shoulder. The rest of the men carry pistols, with spare ammunition in belt pouches, and small grenades in pockets (F).

His men assembled, the section leader makes for the containers parachuting near by (G G). The metal ends are knocked off and the body—canvas, stiffened with metal ribs—can be unlashed. These men are taking out a light bipod machine-gun (H), anti-tank rifles (J) and stick-type grenades (K). Signal light pistols with cartridges and coloured smoke bombs are also included, and are used to form a predetermined code to call up reinforcements ; thus, a red smoke-bomb (L).

Drawing 2. A Junkers 52 troop-carrier arrives and troops are pouring from the machine. (M) carries the base-plate of a mortar, (N) mortar bombs in wicker containers, (O) the mortar barrel, (P) flame-carrying apparatus. (Q) mortar crew in action, (R) heavy type machine-gun mounted on tripod. This gun can be slung on the back when not in use (S).

Meanwhile, the dive-bombers are hammering at the opposition (T), preventing any interference whilst the air-borne troops are most vulnerable. If any headway is made, another signal is fired (U), this time with coloured lights, and so it goes on.

Drawing 3. Unloading a light infantry gun (V), shown in detail at (W). The feldwebel (X) or sergeant-major, after consulting his detailed map, is issuing instructions to wireless operators. Portable sets are brought into operation as early as possible, replacing smoke-bombs. The feldwebel is in touch with H.Q., with another assault party just over the hills, and reinforcing troop-carriers already in the air.

The gun in the foreground at (Y) is a 2 cm. A.A. gun. It can be used as an anti-tank gun, and in either case the portable range-finders (Z Z) are used. A 37 mm. anti-tank gun is being pushed into position at Z1.

Parachute troops, regarded as of doubtful theoretical value before the war, have proved of immense importance in the present conflict.

There Was No Sea-borne Invasion of Crete

Immediately it was clear that the Nazis were about to attempt an invasion of Crete, the Navy in the Mediterranean received the order from the C.-in-C., Sir Andrew Cunningham, to prevent any enemy soldiers, tanks, ammunition or supplies from reaching the threatened island by sea. How the Navy performed its task is told here by Commander Anthony Kimmins.

WEDNESDAY, May 21. During the day the destroyer *Juno* was bombed and sunk, and as by now the Huns had gained a footing in Crete with air-borne troops, they felt that the moment was ripe to launch the main body by sea. Unfortunately for them, however, one of our reconnaissance aircraft sighted their ships just before nightfall as they were heading for Canea Bay. Rear-Admiral Glennie, flying his flag in the cruiser *Dido*, raced to the attack accompanied by other cruisers and destroyers.

The German convoy was escorted by Italian destroyers, and when Admiral Glennie's force suddenly crashed into them out of the dark they offered little resistance: they loosed off some torpedoes, but in a most erratic manner, so that they all missed. They seemed disinclined to defend themselves with gunfire and made off at full speed, but not before one of them had been sunk.

After that it was money for old rope: the transports were sunk by torpedoes and gun-fire. The moment our ships opened fire on the wooden schooners known out there as caiques, the Hun soldiers came tumbling up from between-decks and leapt overboard, all in their full heavy equipment. In several cases these caiques were rammed, and there is many a ship in the Mediterranean Fleet today with a proud dent in her stem. And so the whole of that first German landing force was sent to the bottom while our ships came away unscathed. First round to the Navy: things looked good.

But remember that this first attempt took place at night. The darkness which the Hun had relied on to protect his troops had in point of fact proved our greatest ally. Our ships had been able to dash in, do the job and retire before daylight returned and accurate bombing became possible. But the Hun is a quick mover, and ruthless as regards loss of life. The moment the news came through that disaster had overtaken his night attempt, he switched his tactics immediately and had a crack by day. The very next morning one of our reconnaissance aircraft reported a second troop convoy south of Milo island and heading for Crete.

Rear-Admiral King, flying his flag in the *Naiad*, raced in to intercept with a force of cruisers and destroyers on what at first sight would appear an easy task, because the only escorting warship was one Italian destroyer at the head of the convoy. But this time it was daylight, and above, taking cover in the glare of the sun and behind the thin wisps of cloud, the Luftwaffe was waiting. *Naiad* alone was treated to no less than 191 bombs that day, and by some miracle escaped with no more than superficial damage.

Once again the attempt failed; the convoy was dispersed and many of the ships sunk, but not without casualties to our side. One could hardly expect otherwise with bombs raining down at that rate. At about two in the afternoon the destroyer *Greyhound*, which had spent the whole forenoon living up to her name—darting in and out of the convoy and catching one hare after the other—received a direct hit and sank with all guns firing. The destroyers *Kandahar* and *Kingston* raced to the assistance of their comrades, while the cruisers *Gloucester* and *Fiji* closed in to support. The Luftwaffe concentrated on the bigger targets of the cruisers, and wave after wave of dive-bombers came in. They concentrated first on the *Gloucester*. Wave after wave came over and occasional hits were scored, until, towards the end of the afternoon, a direct hit amidships finished her off and, with her ammunition almost exhausted, the *Gloucester* sank with her guns blazing upwards. From that moment the bombers concentrated on the *Fiji*. Before long, a direct hit forced her to reduce speed, and later she bought another packet and went down like her consort, fighting to the end. But the dive-bombers did not have it all their own way. Those men at the guns, exhausted as they were in the sweltering heat, never let up for one second. Any number of Junkers were seen to crash into the sea, and when squadrons returned a second time they were often at less than half their strength.

CRETE INVADERS clinging to an inflated raft after a convoy of German transports had been dispersed and sunk by the Royal Navy. Mr. Churchill said that about 5,000 Germans were believed to have been drowned in attempting a sea-borne invasion of Crete. *Photo, Associated Press*

Later that evening, in the fast failing light, *Kandahar* and *Kingston* managed to pick up about eighty per cent of the *Fiji* ship's company: a fine feat of seamanship. Of the *Gloucester* ship's company there's still no news, but the sea was calm and with a light breeze blowing their rafts towards the near-by island of Antikithera. So ended the second round.

Next morning at dawn the Huns made their third and final attempt to invade Crete by sea. The C.-in-C. had foreseen the possibility that some of the convoy, which had been dispersed during the day's operations, might try to sneak through under cover of night, and land their troops at dawn. The Fifth Destroyer Flotilla, under Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, in the *Kelly*, had been asked by General Freyberg to bombard enemy-occupied positions in Crete, and were now ordered to remain close inshore and prevent the approach of enemy shipping.

Actually, only two enemy ships made the attempt and were sighted creeping towards the beach at the first streak of dawn. The Fifth Flotilla tore in to intercept and sank both of them. The first was full of Hun soldiers who—as before—leapt overboard in their full heavy equipment. The second was loaded with ammunition; shells from *Kelly's* and *Kashmir's* 4·7s soon found their mark and set her on fire. As the fire spread and travelled down the ship, box after box of ammuntion flared into the sky like a giant Roman candle.

Now remember that all this had happened close inshore in full view of the Hun air-borne troops, who had already felt the effect of the destroyers' guns. You can imagine their fury at seeing their much needed supports scuppered at the last fence. You can imagine the air sizzling with their impassioned signals for the bombers to concentrate on the destroyers that had been responsible.

And it wasn't long before they came. The first to arrive were the high-level bombers. They started at 5.30 in the morning and continued till 8. Hundreds of bombs were dropped, but both *Kelly* and *Kashmir* managed to escape unscathed. At 8 a large formation of dive-bombers took over and were more successful. The third wave got *Kashmir* with a thousand-pound bomb abaft the funnel. *Kashmir* broke in two and sank in a couple of minutes.

Shortly afterwards another thousand-pounder hit the *Kelly* abaft the engine-room; at that moment she was steaming full out at 30 knots and heeling over under helm. All that could be seen from the bridge was the flying debris from the explosion, the plates of the ship's sides as they buckled back wrenched open by the force of the water, and the Junkers 87 diving head-long into the sea.

By this time a second wave were half-way down and Lord Louis instinctively yelled down the voice pipe, "Whatever happens—keep the guns firing!" As the words tumbled out of his mouth, he almost regretted them, for a quick glance down the deck showed that not a man had left his post and that every gun was firing harder than it had ever fired before.

But the speed of the ship and the force of the waters on the wrenched plates in her side were too much. She heeled further and further, and fifty seconds after being hit turned turtle. As she went, the men were literally swept away from their guns by the weight of water. One lad of 17, washed off by the sea as he was loading a belt into his gun, was still clasping the belt in his last desperate efforts to get it in.

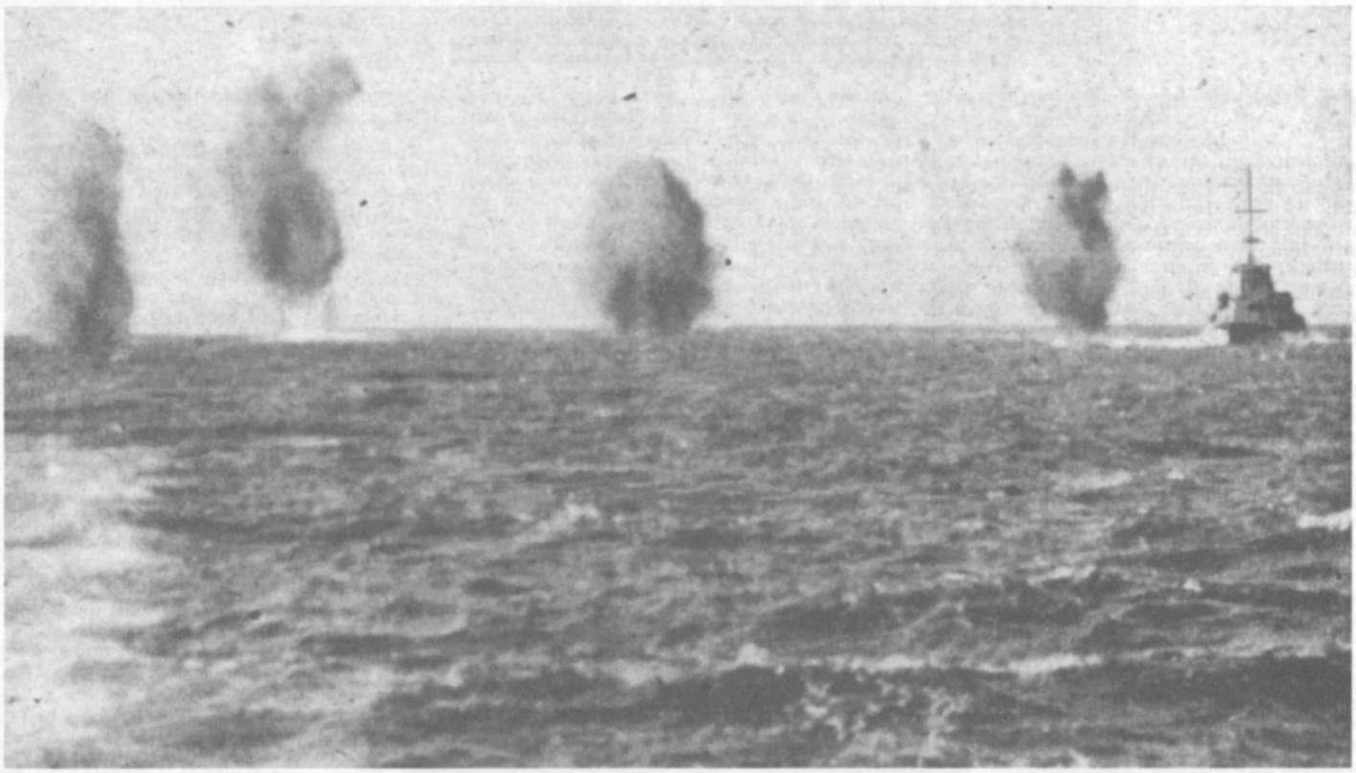
And down below, those grand men, the engineers and stokers, remained at their posts to a man. In the engine-room they were still working the steam valves as she turned over, and it was only when she was completely inverted that the Engineer Commander gave permission to leave. Luckily an air lock had formed, and many were able to escape. Up top, those who had been washed off the bridge and decks saw the strange sight—as they came up to the surface—of the ship's propellers passing over their heads and still racing at full speed in the air.

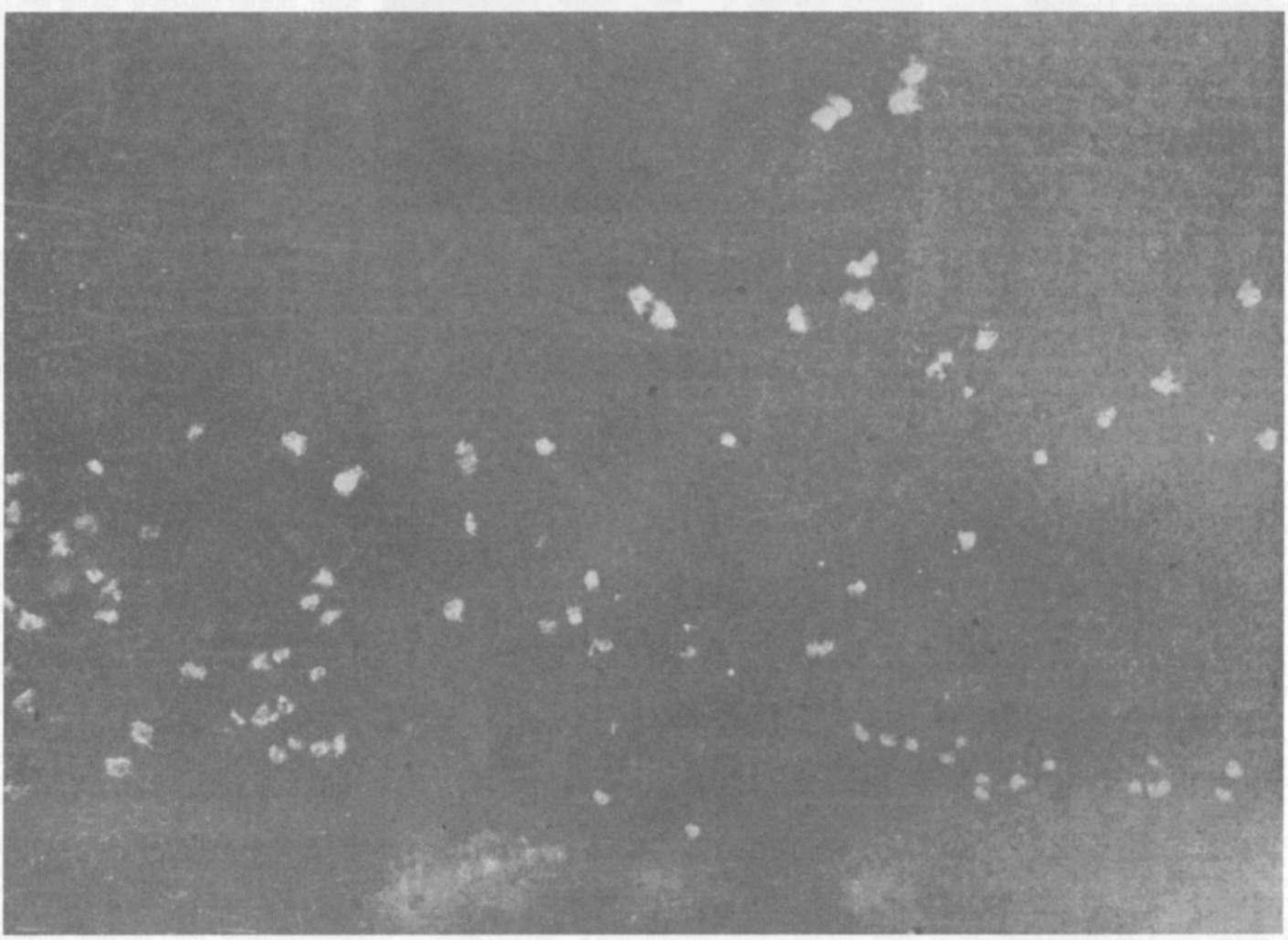
Some three and a half hours later the destroyer *Kipling* managed to reach the scene and—in spite of further and continued dive-bombing—got *Kelly* and *Kashmir* survivors safely away.

But while those men—their eyes clogged up with oil fuel—were waiting and struggling in the water, the Hun pilots flew up and down while their rear-gunners machine-gunned them.

So ended the Huns' third and final attempt to invade Crete by sea. The Navy had been given the order, "There must be no sea-borne invasion of Crete." It was obeyed.

Battleship *v.* Bomber in the Mediterranean





As the bomber dives, the battleship's anti-aircraft guns fill the sky with puffs of exploding shells. The photograph at top shows how skilful navigation can avoid the falling bombs. Before the war Germany thought that the bomber would neutralize the battleship, but sea power is the dominant factor in this war as in the last, and Britain still rules the crest of the wave—and under it for that matter.

Photos, Fox

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

Ours Was a Quiet Passage From Canada

How the largest contingent of Canadian troops to arrive in Britain was brought safely across the Atlantic in June is described in the following dispatch from Reuter's special correspondent, who was in one of the escorting warships.

STANDING on the quarter-deck of a destroyer which had been my home for many days, I watched giant troopships, their rails packed tight with figures in khaki and Air Force blue, steam slowly past to their moorings. One of them flew the French flag and another the Dutch. They were carrying men from Canada, the Dominion's latest contribution in man-power to the Empire's war effort.

When I joined this destroyer I had no idea where we were bound or what our task might be. All I, or any of the ship's company, knew was that we were out on "a very interesting mission." We slipped out alone from a British naval base and steamed in solitude for some time until we had made rendezvous with a number of other destroyers. Not until we were all moving in formation far from land did we learn from our captain that our task was to escort Canadian troops to Britain.

As the hour for picking up our convoy approached excitement rose. Should we or should we not make the appointed rendezvous, a secret pinpoint on the vast chart of the Atlantic, in time to coincide with the arrival of the troopships?

"Objects bearing red four-five, almost indistinguishable," one of our look-outs reported. Surprised, for we were some time ahead of zero hour, we strained our eyes through glasses from the bridge, and slowly the "objects" took form. Grey blurs and intermingled smoke sorted themselves into our troopships, supported by the might of battleships and destroyers who had brought them from the Canadian coast.

From the senior ship of our escorting force lamp and flag signals followed each other in quick succession. Our yeoman of signals, glass at eye, had a hectic few minutes reading and decoding the instructions to us about our new positions. Then came the executive signal for us to form up in screen. The ship vibrated as we increased speed and jumped ahead. Then a rain squall bore down on us, blotting out every other ship from our view. When it passed we were all steaming ahead in position—troopships, battleships, and screening destroyers, as if we had been doing it for hours.

In the clammy cold of the next afternoon I was on the bridge again. Suddenly a prolonged "honk" from the battleship's siren riveted our attention. "Emergency turn," she signalled. In a few seconds every ship was heading on her new course.

A submarine had been sighted on the surface, far off on the opposite side of the convoy to us. There was more flashing of lamps, more hectic work for the signal yeoman. Several destroyers, with depth charges primed and set, dashed off to hunt. Our own luck was out, we must remain to keep the screen intact.

The submarine, on sighting us, had evidently made a crash dive. For half an hour she was hunted without avail. Until the convoy was well on a new course and out of harm's way the hunters kept her down to prevent her reporting us or observing our movements.

Next day I found an odd collection of rusty, salt-stained "battle bowlers" draped around the bridge and I took my own tin hat around with me with some affection. We were approaching the area of possible aircraft attack, but we had our own air escort now. Visibility, too, was poor, and helped to screen us, and no hostile aircraft appeared.

So, in safety, we brought our charges home in a total of nearly one hundred and forty thousand tons of ships.

With their eyes fixed on the convoy their ship is escorting these sailors on a British warship know no respite until their charges are brought safely home. In this page a special correspondent tells how his ship escorted a large Canadian contingent safely to Britain. *Photo, Planet News*

My Men of the Ladybird said 'Carry On, Sir'

The little gunboat Ladybird was for years one of the most famous ships in the Navy, and her last action at Tobruk was a worthy finish to her career. It is here described by her captain, Commander John Blackburn.

WE were anchored at Tobruk on May 12, when 47 Nazi bombers swooped towards us. My chief gunner's mate saw the first plane dropping out of the sunshine, and it laid a stick of bombs so near that their explosion flung the crew on the deck.

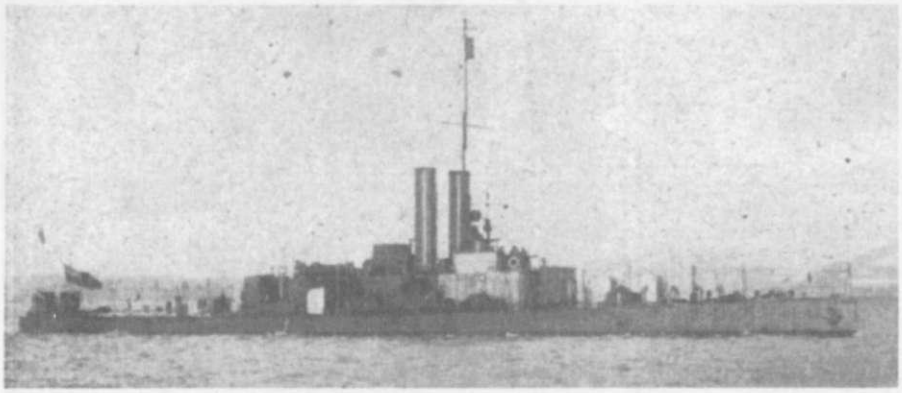
Then there was a terrific screech, and there came another lot, one of which got us right aft, almost immediately putting the deck under water. Then another bomb got us in the engine-room. The ship shivered from stem to stern and was obviously sinking, but my men urged me to carry on.

We were burning like hell amidships and fire was pouring out of the engine-room. I saw many of my men dash into that inferno and carry out the wounded while the forward six-inch guns, pom-poms and machine-guns sprayed a hail of metal at the Nazi planes.

The planes swarmed around us, dropping more bombs. By this time wounded men were helping to feed the guns as the planes swarmed around us. We got two of them. Rescue boats arrived from shore and took aboard the first of the wounded.

We still kept firing our forward guns, but Ladybird was sinking fast with the water sweeping closer to the bridge every moment.

Even then the sailors, gunners and officers, with fire all round them, and half the guns under water, said to me: "Carry on, sir,



H.M.S. LADYBIRD, sunk on May 12, 1941, in the manner described in this page, was a river gunboat of 625 tons. Launched in 1915, she is here seen at an early stage in her career. A later photograph is given in page 66 of this volume, where the part she played, together with her sister ship Aphis and the monitor Terror, in assisting our advance across the Western Desert, is fully described. *Photo, P. A. Vicary*

I WAS THERE!

please." They all stayed until, at the last minute, when the old ship was rolling for her final plunge, I ordered them to abandon ship. She went down with what guns we could man firing to the last.

The Ladybird had four men killed and 14 wounded. Her captain received this signal from Admi. Sir Andrew Cunningham, C.-in-C. Mediterranean: "Great fighting finish worthy of highest ideals and tradition of the Navy and an inspiration for all who fight on the seas."

A Nazi Shot Me Down Into the Channel

A fighter pilot rescued from the Channel by an R.A.F. rescue launch was two-and-a-half hours afloat in his dinghy, during which time he witnessed an aerial combat. Here is his story in his own words.

OVER Boulogne I got separated from my squadron in protecting a Blenheim which had itself got separated from its formation. On the way back I was repeatedly attacked from behind by Me 109s, one of which I shot down into the sea. Still being attacked I went down to sea level. There was then a loud explosion and petrol came streaming into the cockpit. Seeing flames and feeling uncomfortably hot, I decided to get out. I pulled up from the water to 15,000 feet, and after one unsuccessful attempt to get out I got clear.

When I hit the water, the shroud lines of the parachute fell on top of me. As I was entangled, I had difficulty in pulling up the dinghy, but I succeeded at last, inflated the dinghy and climbed into it. I could see no land on either side of me, and I started paddling with my hands towards the English coast, using the sun as a guide. The sea was calm, but the dinghy was half full of water all the time. I seemed to be making quite fair progress.

After about half-an-hour I saw a seaplane approaching from France, escorted by six single-seater aircraft. It was flying at sea level. The formation of fighters went right over me, the first two at about 50 feet and the other four at about 1,500 feet. I recognized them as Me 109s and got out of the dinghy and made myself scarce in the water. The whole formation then turned back towards the French coast, but returned again in about 20 minutes, passing about half a mile away from me. By that time I had resumed my place in the dinghy.

In the meantime I had seen a Lysander several miles away in the direction of the English coast at about 100 feet, but it had not seen me. After the enemy formations passed me the second time I saw the Lysander again, about five miles off towards the English coast, with an escort of Spitfires. I estimated my position at about Mid-Channel out from Boulogne.

The Spitfires attacked some Me 109s at about 3,000 feet and I saw one Me 109 go into the sea immediately. I then saw a number of Hurricanes arrive and join the fray and attack some 109s which were lower down with the seaplane. Later I saw the seaplane go into the sea and blow up, leaving a column of black smoke. I also saw a Spitfire go into the sea.

All the aircraft then disappeared and I was alone again. I continued paddling until the English coast came into sight. I saw a motor launch too far away to see me. Later I saw two more patrolling around, apparently searching, and then went towards the place where the Spitfire had gone in. One of them came fairly close and I attracted its attention by splashing the water with my hand. I was told that the crew first discovered me through seeing the yellow dinghy and the splashing. I was hauled aboard the R.A.F. rescue launch, dried and made comfortable, given a drink and taken to Dover, none the worse for my adventure except being somewhat stiff and bruised. I was treated right royally by the Naval authorities at Dover and subsequently driven to my base.

We Went to Rescue Our Bombed Hospital Ship

An unsuccessful attack by Nazi bombers on the hospital ship Aba off Crete is here described by the "Daily Mail" Special Correspondent, who was on board a destroyer which answered the Aba's call for help.

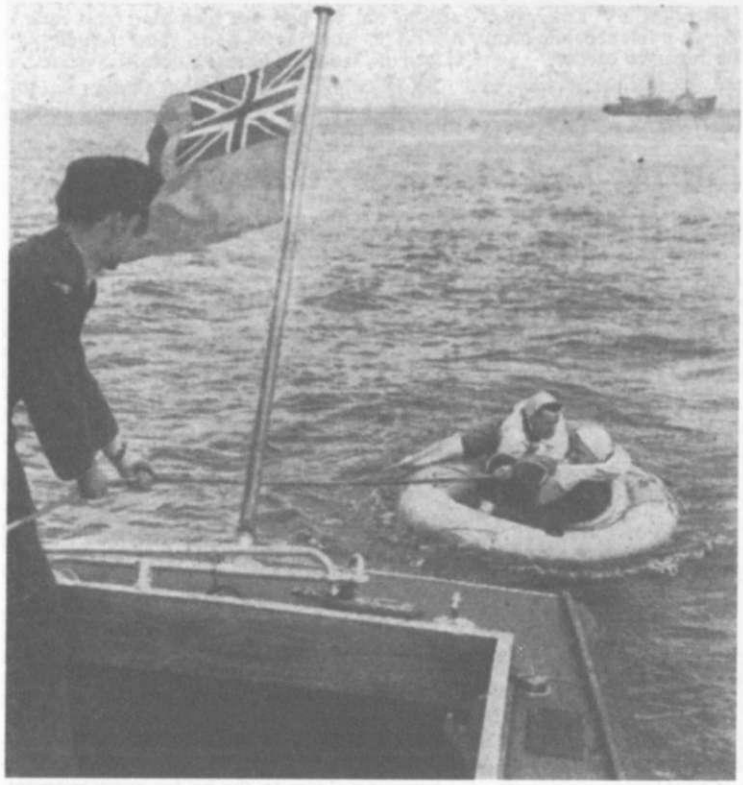
WE had received a message from the hospital ship Aba that several bombers, after circling her, had dropped eight heavy bombs, which, fortunately for the helpless wounded she was carrying aboard, all fell wide of the mark.

We were a formation of destroyers with A.A. ships patrolling some 120 miles south when the call for help came, and putting on all speed we reached the scene shortly after another German plane had circled the ship at a height of only 1,300 ft.

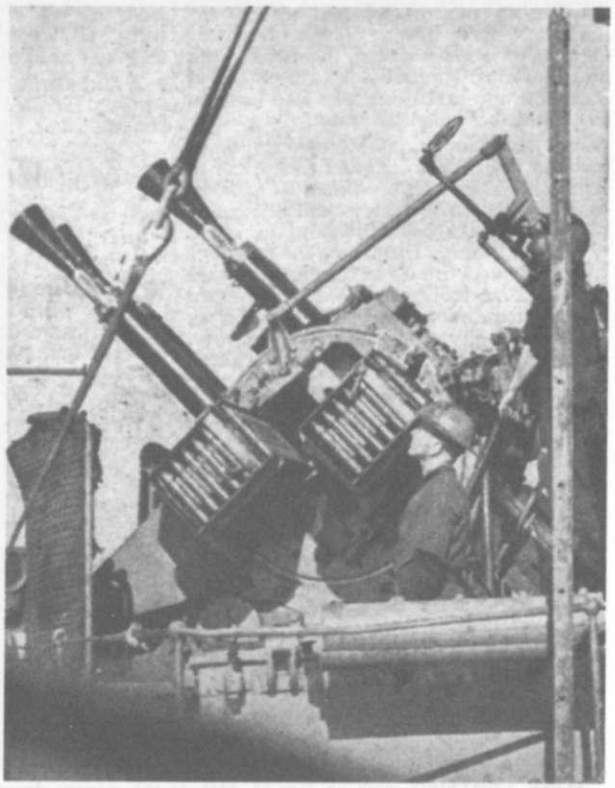
With her hull glistening white and red crosses marking her at every angle of view, the Aba was a conspicuous sight, which no reconnaissance pilot could mistake.

Nevertheless, we had been escorting the ship only a short time when the object of this reconnaissance was made clear. A formation of eight dive-bombers was seen approaching and the destroyers immediately opened up with an umbrella barrage over the hospital ship.

As our own forward guns swivelled round they were just able to bear over the target, and round after round screamed over our heads as on the bridge we ducked under the terrific crack and blast of their firing.



R.A.F. RUBBER DINGHY supporting two airmen being drawn to one of the R.A.F. Rescue Motor Launches. This photograph shows how flying men who have baled out over the sea are saved. Dinghies carried by aircraft and dropped to men in the water are fitted with rations, paddles, etc. **For other photographs see page 727.**



A.A. Gunners, aboard a British destroyer, while on the watch for hostile aeroplanes, are testing their pom-pom, an ingenious and powerful form of multiple shell-firing machine-gun.
Photos, British Official; Crown Copyright; Sport & General

I WAS THERE!

THE POETS & THE WAR

XLVI

EPITAPH ON A VERY YOUNG AIRMAN

By Maurice Healy

Think not of valour—the pain
That never deflected my course:
Limbs would have mended again;
Wavering brings but remorse.
But think of the heart that lies cold—
The singer, whose songs are unsung;
For I, who shall never be old,
Hardly knew what it was to be young.

Published in U.S.A. by the Refugees of England, Incorporated

With my own ears plugged heavily with special wax, it was a shattering experience, especially when the tornado of hot air whisked off my steel helmet. Still those shells bursting high in the blue sky were obviously an even more shattering ordeal for the Germans, who changed their tactics, immediately broke up, and made individual bombing attacks on the A.A. cruisers.

With fierce fire these experienced vessels deterred them again and again. As we counted the aeroplanes manoeuvring in the sky like a bunch of frightened seagulls, the captain remarked to me, "These blokes haven't got the guts like those fellows we used to see." It was the same captain from whose bridge I had watched the bombing of the Illustrious on January 10.

Out of eight machines which circled about us only two put any dash into their attack. One turned several times like a fluttering leaf, then dived so steeply that it appeared absolutely vertical.

As he flattened out the pom-poms of an A.A. cruiser spat viciously after him. At the same time columns of water leapt into the air astern of the vessel and rose to a height above her masthead. By this time others, who had attempted shallower dives, dropping their bombs indiscriminately into the sea, were darting about just over the wafer in an effort to get so low that none of the guns of the ships could bear on them.

One seemed winged, and our signal yeoman was certain that it struck the water. For my part my eyes were glued in those few seconds to another dive-bomber who was certainly pressing his attack. He appeared out of control, so directly did he plummet on to the second A.A. cruiser.

A splutter of pom-pom fire hid the plane from our view. From where we stood it seemed probable this fellow, too, was winged. After that the raid collapsed suddenly.

The Raider Picked Us Up from the Zamzam

Considerable indignation was caused by the sinking of the liner Zamzam in the South Atlantic on April 17. All her passengers were saved, however, and one of the many Americans on board here tells his story of the incident.

Sailing under the Egyptian flag, the Zamzam was sunk by a German raider while on her way from Pernambuco to Cape Town. A large proportion of the passengers were Americans, among them being several missionaries and members of the British-American Ambulance Corps going out for service with General de Gaulle's forces in Africa.

One of the American passengers, Mr. J. V. Murphy, editor of the magazine "Fortune," describing the sinking, said:

The ship was four days from Cape Town when just before dawn on April 17 nine shells hit her.

Captain Smith tried to signal, but the ship's "blinker" had been shattered. He then ordered the Egyptian flag to be unfurled, grabbed a hand torch, and began signalling himself.

The firing stopped, but nine people had been badly wounded and many others hurt. As the ship sank passengers were thrown into the sea. Doctors and orderlies attached to the ambulances dived overboard to keep women and children afloat, and towed pieces of floating wreckage to them to keep them up.

By 7.30 a.m. every one had been taken on board the raider, whose commander, Captain Rogge, expressed his regret for the shelling.

The next day all except two Americans and one Englishman, who were wounded, were transferred to a merchant ship. The captain of this vessel was not so polite. Speaking in English, he said: "Any monkey business and we'll answer with machine-guns!"

The women were given cabins, while the men slept shoulder to shoulder in a single cabin. Survivors were on board this ship for 33 days before being landed at St. Jean de Luz.—*British United Press.*

AMERICAN SURVIVORS of the Egyptian liner Zamzam sunk by a Nazi raider in the South Atlantic on April 17. Landed in Unoccupied France, they were sent to San Sebastian, and are seen here on their way to a hotel, prior to returning to America via Lisbon. *Photo, Associated Press*

OUR WAR GAZETTEER: RUSSIAN FRONT

BARANOVITCH GAP, key-point north of the Pripet Marshes, White Russia, about 500 m. from Moscow. This was Napoleon's route.

BARKOVITCHI, on the Latvian-Russian border, 25 m. N.W. of Polotsk, on the Dvina.

BOBRUISK, White Russia, town and river port on the R. Beresina, 105 m. S.E. of Minsk. Pop. 64,800.

BORISOV, White Russia, on the R. Beresina, 50 m. N.E. of Minsk. Near Borisov Napoleon made his disastrous passage of the Beresina. Pop. about 21,000.

BREST-LITOVSK, Poland, on R. Bug, due east of Warsaw. Great railway, road and water centre. Pop. 50,700. Scene of Russo-German peace Treaty of 1918.

CERNAUTI, Rumania, on R. Pruth, 167 m. S.E. of Lwow. Pop. 109,698.

CONSTANTZA, Rumania, large oil and grain port on the Black Sea. Pop. 61,412.

DNIEPER RIVER, rises in Valdai plateau near source of the Volga, runs through White Russia and Ukraine into the Black Sea. Length 1,340 m., navigable almost from source, and means of transport for Ukraine corn to Odessa.

DNIESTER RIVER, rises in Carpathians, traverses Poland, U.S.S.R. and falls into Black Sea. Length 750 m. Important waterway for trade.

DVINSK, Latvia, on R. Dvina. Important rail centre for traffic with Russia and Poland. Pop. 45,160.

GALATZ, Rumania, N. side of R. Danube, 10 m. above its junction with the Pruth and nearly 80 m. N.E. of Bucharest. Important oil, grain and timber port. Pop. 101,148.

HELSINKI (formerly Helsingfors), capital of Finland, 250 m. W. of Leningrad. Pop. 293,237.

KANDALAKSHA, White Sea port, 120 m. S. of Murmansk, in Russia's extreme north-west.

KARELIAN ISTHMUS, Russia, E. of Finland between White Sea and Lake Ladoga, area 53,890 sq. m.

KAUNAS (KOVNO), seat of Lithuanian Government, taken by Germans on June 24. Pop. 152,363.

KHARKOV, Ukraine, standing on three small streams that fall into the Uda, 250 m. S.E. of Kiev. Large industrial town and air station. Pop. 833,432.

KIEV, capital of Ukraine, city and river port on the right bank of the Dneiper, 280 m. from Odessa. It is the oldest centre of Christianity in Russia. Pop. 846,293.

KOLA PENINSULA, between White Sea and Arctic Ocean. The north shore is called the Murman Coast.

KRONSTADT, Russian seaport and State dockyard in the Leningrad area, 20 m. W. of and connected by canal with Leningrad.

LAKE LADOGA, between Russia and Finland, largest lake in Europe, a few miles north of Leningrad.

LENINGRAD (formerly St. Petersburg, then Petrograd), second largest city in U.S.S.R. It was the capital of the Empire and Republic till 1918. Pop. 3,191,304.

LEPEL, on the 1938 Russian-Lithuanian frontier, S. of Polotsk.

LUCK, Poland, on the R. Steyr, 51 m. N.W. of Kovel. Pop. 20,000.

LWOW, pronounced Lvoff, Poland. Important railway junction and industrial centre on R. Peltew, 185 m. east of Cracow. Pop: 317,700.

MINSK, capital of White Russia, N. of Baranovitch Gap, on the River Svisloch, a tributary of the Beresina. Has two universities and other cultural centres. Pop. 180,000.

MOSCOW, capital of U.S.S.R. and H.Q. of Soviet Government, 400 m. S.E. of Leningrad. Dominant feature is the Kremlin in the Red Square, where the embalmed remains of Lenin lie in a granite mausoleum. Pop. 4,137,018.

MURMANSK, Russia, seaport on Kola inlet of the Murman Coast, perpetually ice-free harbour. Pop. about 10,000.

NOVOGOROD-VOLYNSK, on the Ukraine front, 150 m. west of Kiev.

OSTROV, Russia, key-point on 1938 Russian frontier on Leningrad road between Dvinsk and Pskoff.

PLOESTI, Rumanian town situated in the centre of famous oilfields 35 m. N. of Bucharest.

POLOTSK, White Russia, 140 m. S. of Ostrov at confluence of Dvina and Polota Rivers, near Latvian border. Pop. 21,455.

PSKOFF, ancient town in western Russia, founded 965, 170 m. by rail from Leningrad. Pop. 52,600.

RIGA, Latvia, capital and seaport on the River Dvina, 9 m. from the Gulf of Riga. Pop. 393,211.

SMOLENSK, Russia, on R. Dneiper, 250 m. W.S.W. of Moscow. Pop. 104,100.

SULINA, Rumanian seaport on the mouth of the Sulina arm of the Danube. Pop. about 10,000.

TALLINN (formerly Reval), capital and seaport of Estonia, at mouth of Gulf of Finland. Pop. 145,000.

TARNOPOL, capital of the county of Tarnopol, Poland, 76 m. E.S.E. of Lwow. Pop. 31,000.

TULCEA, Rumanian port near Danube delta. Pop. about 28,000.

ZHITOMIR, Ukraine, on the R. Terterev, 80 m. S.W. of Kiev. Pop. about 70,000.

The Editor's Postscript

GREAT has been the change in our Southern sky during the last weeks; notably since the beginning of our daylight "sweeps" over the invasion ports and the sustained night bombing of German industrial centres. The drone of aerial engines has been so persistent of late that it is almost uncanny when none is heard. Time was, not so long ago, when one instinctively cocked an ear to make sure there was none of the once familiar broken pulsation of Heinkel or Junkers to be distinguished . . . so often that was heard and the thud of bombs came following after. Now the sky above my particular bit of the Southland reverberates so frequently with outward or inward planes by day and night that we don't bother about them except occasionally to admire the symmetrical beauty of a formation of two or three squadrons all keeping station and flying at a few thousand feet. A truly inspiring sight: the inspiration due in some measure to the knowledge that they are "Ours"!

DOUBTLESS the Huns can keep station quite as well so long as there are none of ours about. Our only danger under this plane-travelled sky is from an occasional sneak raider; but that has noticeably diminished of recent weeks, and I have seen too much of these lone raiders and their dirty work not to rejoice in the change that has come over our bit of "that inverted bowl they call the sky." Not that I imagine we have seen the last of the sneak raider or even of an enemy formation, for there's a lot of space up there in the sky, and, unlike Sir Boyle Roche's bird, neither Spitfire nor Hurricane can be in two places at once. But either can be in two different places so quickly now that we dwellers in the rural south feel much safer than we did not long ago. If Soviet airmen take good toll of the Nazi bombers they will hasten the day when Britain will again—as she did in 1918—rule the Western sky.

THE harvest is in full tide on all the neighbouring farms just now. Every hour or so on hearing the clatter of motor machinery I find myself looking out expecting to see another Bren carrier rattling past my window, only to have a much more pleasing sight—another wagon with spilth of hay tugged by a tractor on its way to the uphill farm. And equally cheering is the picture of two or three summer-clad village children getting a ride on the tractor. Last year when travelling in East Anglia I was astonished to observe that the natural conservatism of the farmers made them still huddle their haystacks in their ancient corners instead (as it seemed to my non-agricultural mind) of dispersing them at wide distances from each other as a precaution against the possibility of fire raiding, which in the cities has proved so much more devastating than the high explosive. Before the War our dismal Desmonds were always warning us that the Hun would destroy our crops with his incendiaries. As a matter of historical fact, he did nothing of the kind, the total crop areas that were destroyed amounting to a very few acres. But I'd be inclined to heed Desmond's warning, as it is foolish to bank on what didn't happen last year not happening this. Farmers should take—indeed, should be compelled to take—every reasonable precaution in storing their precious harvest so as to minimize injury to the whole if a haystack here and there gets an incendiary on it. [Just announced proper precautions have been outlined by Ministry of Agriculture.]

THE vagaries of the English climate are only rivalled by the prevarications of a Hitler. Within the last three weeks (as I write) we have experienced every variety of climate from Sub-Arctic to Eqautorial. In some parts of South America you can beat this inside twelve hours by taking a sort of perpendicular journey from the Andine heights down to sea level. I remember a lovely film of such a journey from Quito (which has just come into the news with the quarrel between Ecuador and Peru, provoked by Japanese it's said) down to the steaming rubber forests of Peru and Brazil. Myself I have travelled downstairs in Peru from Puño on Lake Titicaca to Mollendo on the Pacific 'twixt morn and evening, a drop of some 12,000 feet, passing through all sorts of climates in the descent . . . resulting in some hours of deafness. But I have seldom felt the weariness of the flesh in so pronounced a degree as in these blistering days of July down in the sunny south.

GEN. SIR ROBERT HAINING, who was Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff in 1940, has now been appointed Intendant General in the Middle East. His task will be to co-ordinate the administration of the various fronts in that theatre. *Lafayette*

I HAD no complaint of heat or weariness this forenoon, however, as I hurried into my garden for a better view of as lovely a sight as I have seen of late—three of our big, new, majestic four-engined bombers coming back from doing their stuff over hostile France or Hunland. A portentous vision in the sky! These mighty machines, their duty done, were flying low and leisurely on their homeward way, while the seven fighter-planes that accompanied them and continually made loops around the aerial Leviathans looked like mere toys by comparison. These were some of the big bombers that the inhabitants of towns on the South-East coast gathered together to cheer (see official reports) as they passed overhead. In our rural spot there were not enough of us to raise a cheer—you need a crowd for that—but all who saw them were, I'm sure, conscious of an elation of spirit as they passed over.

NONE of us—yes, I venture the assertion—said as they droned through the blue and glistening summer sky, "I hope they haven't been retaliating." Oh dear, no! Most of us, I feel, being quite common unsaintly folk, just hoped that they had done all they were capable of doing in carrying terror and destruction into enemy concentrations, let these be "industrial targets," "marshalling yards," or just towns where our enemies were striving for our destruction. My own hope was that enemy towns had suffered. But then I was denied the refining influence of being reared in Tercanbury (a place I was reading about in Maugham's "Cakes and Ale" last night), whose Archbishop doesn't see eye to eye with me.

ANYHOW, the vision of these superb engines of retaliation had a most exhilarating effect on my heat-enervated frame and I got through the offices of my non-ecclesiastic day with an increase of confidence in our coming domination of the air. Three bombers no more ensure that than three swallows make a summer; but I know, and you know, that these three were only samples of innumerous big bombers that British and American brains and brawn have brought into being during the past twelve months of the War. May their numbers grow from more to more. But overhead as I write at the witching hour of 12.25 a.m. I hear the throb of engines that I'd bet are Nazis'. The Alert has not yet sounded and I'm carrying on. Perhaps tomorrow's papers will tell me something about "a solitary enemy plane," etc. [Turned out to be a heavy raid on Southampton.]

SUBSCRIBERS binding THE WAR ILLUSTRATED should note that we are nearing the end of the Fourth Volume, which will be completed with No. 100. I hope they are following my advice about the careful handling of the weekly parts now that the whole number is designed for binding. It is astonishing how well they look when guillotined and pressed in the bound volume. Approximately a quarter inch of the top and bottom margins and half an inch of the outer edges are removed in the process of turning your loose numbers into books. These WAR ILLUSTRATED volumes are going to be increasingly valuable in years to come, so that a little extra care in their preservation just now will be well repaid. Volume Four will contain all weekly parts numbered from 71 to 100.

JOHN CARPENTER HOUSE
WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.4.

Printed in England and published every Friday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd.; and for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. July 25, 1941 S.S.